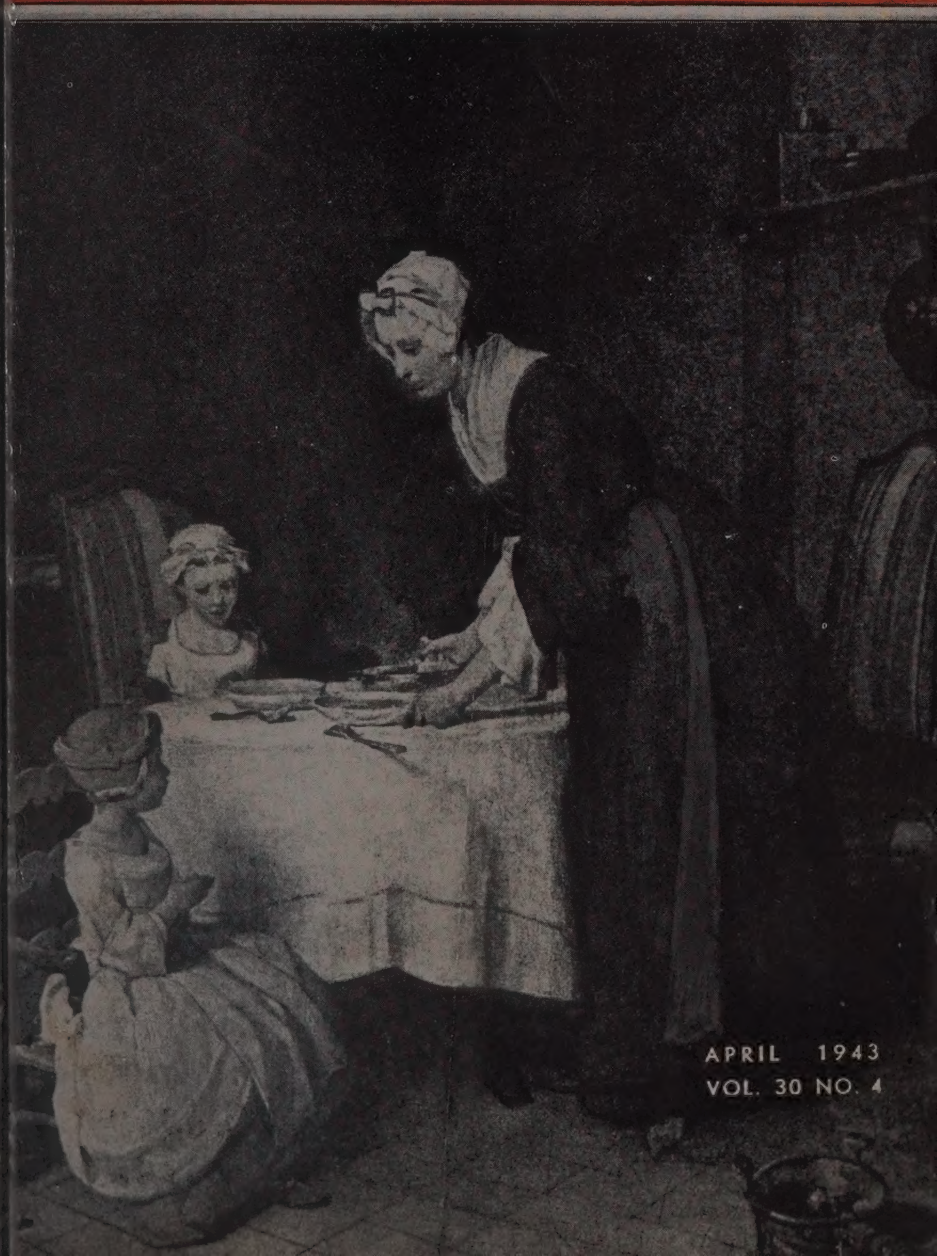
The Relief Society Magazine



APRIL 1943
VOL. 30 NO. 4

Breathes There the Man with Soul so Dead...?

. . . . . he fails to find an ever-recurring thrill in the practical fruits of sound religion and correct living so abundant on every hand in town and hamlet here "in the tops of the mountains!"

Well-ordered homes and farms, thriving communities, men and women of good will; what finer vindication of the principles our western pioneers strove so earnestly to perpetuate by just such agencies as the Relief Society!

Fair-dealing, the maintenance of ethical standards, also are by-products of those principles. As printers and binders we believe we have "kept the faith" in all dealings with our clients. We shall continue to do so.

The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street Salt Lake City

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

The Cover

"LE BENEDICITE" by Jean Baptiste Simeon Chardin, 1699—1773, in the Louvre, Paris, is the subject of the cover for the April issue of the Magazine.

Alone among French artists of his day, Chardin considered simple home life as a worthy theme for his paintings. As a painter of the middle class and of domestic interiors Chardin has few equals.

The artist has caught the moment in the serving of the meal when the small child is being helped over a difficult word as she says grace. The scene is tenderly and sympathetically portrayed.

Chardin was born the son of a cabinetmaker. Under his master, Aved, he gained something of his teacher's enthusiasm for the art of the Dutch painters. He was admitted to the Academy at the age of twenty-nine by which time he had earned renown with his genre scenes. In 1755 he was made Treasurer of the Academy, which salaried position he held until his death.

Cover arrangements are by Evan Jensen

GIFTS FOR MOTHER'S DAY

Relief Society Souvenirs

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This pottery plate, 10½" in diameter, depicts the first Relief Society meeting held in Nauvoo, March 17, 1842. The inscription on the back gives information as to the organization, scope, and purposes of Relief Society. Price $1.50 postpaid.

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This 96-page book, size 9"x12", sets forth in picture and story the history of Relief Society from its beginning to the close of its first century. It is bound in a blue paper book cover with its title, "A Centenary of Relief Society," and the centennial insignia stamped in gold. Price 50c. Place orders with local Magazine representatives or with the office of the General Board. A special gift card will be sent with all copies designated as gifts.

All articles obtainable only from Relief Society General Board
28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City

The Relief Society Magazine

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Tribute to a Mother

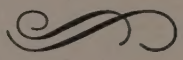
THE following excerpt is from a letter written by a son in the Navy to his mother.

"Your letters are always welcome indeed. I appreciate them even if I am slow in answering them. Even though I do not always write to you I think of you every day, yes, several times a day. You have always been so good and kind and understanding with me and Albert, I want you to know how much I appreciate what you have done for us. Both you and Dad have taught by example much better than anyone else has by words.

"It is not easy for me to speak of my innermost feelings but now I am old enough to know that to tell one who is near and dear to you that you love her very much is nothing to be ashamed of. I do love you very much and it is this love for you that has kept me from many temptations. It is a love that grows in a son when he can see in his mother what he would like to see in other women. A beauty of character and personality; a great deal of courage and patience in times of hardship; a wealth of understanding for the sufferings of others, and most of all a deep and abiding faith in God. These are all the things that I want to find in the girl that I take as my companion in this life.

"You taught me to love honesty because you love honesty. You taught me to love God because you loved God. Your love of clean living made me love clean living. Your faith in me has given me faith in myself. I cannot help feeling your great love for me and I hope that you may feel the love I have for you. My love cannot be as great because through service to me your love has grown and become greater. In a like manner the more I do for you the more deep is my affection for you. . . .

"Herbert Dickson."



RACHEL RIDGWAY IVINS GRANT

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 30, NO. 4 APRIL 1943

Rachel Ridgway Ivins Grant

Mary Grant Judd
Member of Relief Society General Board

ONE who knew her well once said of Rachel Ridgway Ivins Grant: "In her presence one seems to feel the meaning of the word *highbred* in its truest sense. The fact seems perfectly clear that she came of a people that were refined and cultured." Her Ivins progenitors, of English descent, came to the new world in 1690, and were among the earliest settlers of Long Island. It was in 1760 that they settled in New Jersey where they, as well as the Shreves from whom she was also descended, figured conspicuously in the history of New Jersey.

It was in Hornerstown, New Jersey, that Rachel was born March 7, 1821. She was the sixth child and third daughter in the family of Caleb Ivins, Jr. (whose grandmother was a Shreve), and Edith Ridgway. Her grandfather, Caleb Ivins, had lived in Hornerstown all his life. History states: "He was loved by all who knew him, many having christened him 'the good Samaritan.' He owned a substantial brick and frame house and had a nice farm with a beautiful orchard in which chestnut, hickory, and walnut trees grew. He also owned a store, gristmill and sawmill."

Rachel's father was a merchant. He died when she was but six years old; the lovely spirited mother following him in three short years. The children now became separated. Rachel living first with her grandfather on her mother's side (a kindly old gentleman who allowed her to do about as she pleased), and later with her cousin Joshua Wright and his wife, Theodosia.

Theodosia, Joshua's wife, prided herself upon her immaculate housekeeping. No speck of dust was ever allowed to enter the sacred precincts of her home. The training received by the young girl unaccustomed to such rigidity must have been severe. "Come back," the grandfather invited; and the children said, "Such work belongs to the servants." But to them all Rachel answered, "No." Young as she was, she realized that

the training she was receiving was for her good. She was naturally orderly, and now scrupulous cleanliness became second nature to her.

At Theodosia's, Rachel's regular routine consisted of the bedroom work, and caring for the silver and glassware. These latter were never allowed to leave the dining room. To have taken these aristocrats of the table into the kitchen would have been a sacrilege.

Rachel really enjoyed life at the home of her cousin Joshua, and though there were no other children there, she was not lonesome. Her naturally buoyant and happy disposition, which characterized her whole life no matter what her difficulties, stood her in good stead at this time. After the day's work was over she would go to a little grove of trees nearby and there sit and sew for her dolls, singing contentedly all the while. It is easy to imagine her thus if one knew her in after life, for she always made the best of any situation.

SOME of Rachel's early history, including the incidents which led to her joining the Church and her fervent testimony of the gospel, have come down to us in her own words:

My grandparents on both sides were Quakers, consequently I was brought up under that influence. But the silent worship of the Friends did not satisfy the cravings of my soul. I longed to hear the beautiful hymns that my mother taught to her little children even in our tender years, and the spirit often moved me to burst out in songs of praise, and it was with difficulty that I could refrain from doing so.

At the age of sixteen years with the consent of my relatives, I joined the Baptist Church. The singing pleased me and the prayers were somewhat inspiring, but the sermons were not much more satisfactory than the none-at-all of the Quakers. I was religiously inclined but not of the long-faced variety. I thought religion ought to make people happier and that was the kind of religion I was looking for.

About this time we heard of some strange preachers called "Mormons" who had come to our neighborhood. I concluded they were some of the false prophets that the Bible speaks of and I had no desire to see or hear them.

Her older sister Anna (mother of Anthony W. Ivins), had become converted to the new faith and persuaded Rachel, almost against her will, to go and hear them speak.

I went to the meeting on Saturday but when she asked me to go on Sunday I did not know whether I ought to break the Sabbath day by going to hear them or not. But I finally went. Upon returning home I went to my room, knelt down and asked the Lord to forgive me for thus breaking the Sabbath day.

I attended some more meetings and commenced reading the "Book of Mormon," "Voice of Warning" and other works, and was soon convinced that they were true. A new light seemed to break upon me. The scriptures were plainer to my mind, and the light of the everlasting gospel began to illumine my soul. While thus investigating, a little child died whose mother had joined the Latter-day Saints. The Baptist minister took occasion to refer to the death of the little one, regretting that its parents had neglected to have it baptized, and that thereby it was lost and could not have salvation. I afterwards heard Elder Orson Hyde preach the funeral sermon. He portrayed the glories of our Father's kingdom and the saved condition of the little innocent ones who died before they came to years of accountability—"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The contrast was very great, showing one to be false and the other true. I was steadily being drawn to the gospel net.

One day while attending the Baptist prayer meeting our pastor admonished me for the course I was taking and said if I

did not stop going to the Mormon meetings I could not hold my seat in the Baptist Church, and they would be obliged to disfellowship me for listening to false doctrines.

This seemed to settle the question with me. One wanted to hold me against my convictions, and the other was free salvation, without money and without price.

I soon handed in my name for baptism and rendered willing obedience to the first four requirements of the gospel of Jesus Christ as revealed through the Prophet Joseph in the last dispensation of the fulness of times. And oh, what joy filled my being! I could sing all the day long and rejoice in the glorious promises of the gospel.

IT was at this time that Rachel met the Prophet Joseph Smith for the first time, as well as Jedediah M. Grant, her future husband. The "spirit of gathering" took possession of her, and in 1842 she went with her cousins, the Ivins, to Nauvoo.

In this beautiful city Rachel made many friends. One of them, Emmeline B. Wells, who afterward became the fifth general president of Relief Society, gives this description of Rachel at this time:

The writer has a faint remembrance of Miss Ivins as she first saw her in Nauvoo. She was dressed in silk with a handsome lace collar, or fichu, and an elegant shawl over her shoulders, and a long white lace veil thrown back over her simple straw bonnet. She carried an elaborate feather fan and now in thinking of fans, I recall the fascination of that fan. One could easily discern the subdued Quaker pride in her method of using it, for Sister Rachel had the air, the tone, and mannerisms of the Quakers.

Rachel herself would never admit that she had been good looking. "No, I was not a pretty girl," she told her granddaughters in later life. But they knew better. Such a handsome old lady must have been a beautiful girl. It is probably true that she did not possess the doll-faced type of beauty. But in place of mere prettiness she had breeding, a fine carriage. She held her head high, not in false pride, but because she had been well-born and possessed a determined character. It is reported that when she became the wife of Jedediah M. Grant, one of the neighbors remarked, "Brother Grant has married a queen."

When she went to Nauvoo in 1842, it was natural that she should mingle in the social life of the city. She became well acquainted with the Prophet Joseph and has left us this interesting description of him:

I was many times at the Prophet's home. We used to have parties there. But not so many times when I saw him. He was a fine noble looking man. Always so neat. When he was preaching you could feel the influence and power. He was not at home very much. There were so few that he could trust or put confidence in. His life was so often sought that he had to be hid up. After he had been in hiding and had come out he was always so jolly and happy. He was different in that respect from Brother Hyrum, who was more sedate, more serious.

Rachel tells us that her first year in Nauvoo was a very happy one, but that the second was not so peaceful. "There were troublous times for the Saints, much persecution and turmoil." The turmoil grew more and more pronounced until it culminated in the terrible tragedy of the martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith.

Rachel was ill with a long siege of fever which left her in a weakened condition. This was a crucial period in her life. She felt very much alone

and seems at this time to have had no definite idea as to just what course to pursue. She finally decided to go back to New Jersey.

IN New Jersey she lived with her brother's people. They treated her with indifferent kindness for they felt that in joining the Mormons she had disgraced the family name.

Through this period of uncertainty, Rachel did not lose her testimony, she had been present in Nauvoo after the martyrdom when the mantle of Joseph Smith had fallen upon Brigham Young. She gives us this account of the incident:

> After the Prophet's death when Sidney Rigdon came to Nauvoo and spoke, he thought it was his right and privilege to be president of the Church. Brigham Young jumped right up on the seat and spoke. If you had had your eyes shut you would have thought it was the Prophet Joseph. In fact, he looked like him—his very countenance seemed to change—and he spoke like him.

At this time an indelible impression was made upon Rachel's mind which nothing could quite efface. And yet it is not improbable that, had she remained with her brother's family, their antagonistic attitude might have dimmed her faith, separated as she was from the Church leaders.

HER sister Anna had married Israel Ivins, and in 1853 they decided to go to Utah. Rachel was invited to accompany them. What to do? To cast her lot with Anna meant a pioneer life to which she was entirely unaccustomed. Her financial resources consisted of only $100.00, which she had saved bit by bit. She hesitated at the thought of becoming an added burden on Israel who would have his hands full in caring for his wife, little daughter Caroline, and baby son Anthony. In addition, Rachel had been suffering from a severe cold which seemed to have fastened itself upon her permanently. Her doctor hinted at tuberculosis, several of the family being consumptive, and he now warned her that the trip across the plains might mean her life. To add to her uncertainty, her brothers did everything in their power to persuade her to remain in the East, even offering to settle upon her an annual income for life if she would renounce the hated religion of Mormonism.

Rachel's problem was the same that has confronted thousands of converts to the faith of the Latter-day Saints, and, like those others, she solved it only after prayerful consideration, deciding to cast her lot with the pioneers in the West. Once she had made up her mind she was as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. Nothing could make her turn back. She was to know sorrow and poverty, but the day never came when she regretted her choice. How momentous to her posterity this decision turned out to be!

Rachel did not embark upon her new enterprise unprepared. With the hundred dollars she had saved she bought such cloth as calico, bleach, linsey-woolsey, and material for both cotton and woolen dresses, with thread to make them up. She purchased some ready-made clothing together with bedding, pillowcases, sheets, etc., and what she termed "store things"—necessary articles

which it was unlikely she could procure in Salt Lake.

THE trip across the plains was surprisingly pleasant. It was seven years since the first pioneer companies had blazed the trail, and by 1853 when Israel Ivins took his family West, the journey had lost many of its hardships and hazards. Those who came later could profit by the experiences of their predecessors and besides, Israel was a man of sound judgment who did not risk the journey without thorough preparation. His equipment consisted of two well-stocked wagons, two yoke of oxen and a cow. One of the wagons was furnished almost like a room, having chairs and a bed. This made it very pleasant for the travelers, for, besides providing comfortable quarters at night, it permitted them to lie or sit down during the day if they chose. The wagon was equipped with steps at the back, and the deliberate pace of the oxen permitted the occupants, when tired of riding, to slip out and walk for a while. There was plenty of good, wholesome food for all. The faithful cow furnished whatever milk was needed by the grownups as well as the children. Cornmeal mush and milk was the usual supper, supplemented with cooked, dried fruit. These pioneers had never heard of carbohydrates, proteins, or minerals, yet here was a well-balanced meal, served with that best of sauces, a perfect appetite.

Rachel found herself enjoying life to the full. Sometimes she read, but not for long on account of the swaying of the wagon. She kept her knitting in her pocket and spent a great deal of her time in this useful occupation. She enjoyed the two children, who were very good, and would spend hours amusing baby Anthony or telling stories to little "Caddie."

OFTEN the company would travel till rather late. Then tired and hungry, they would camp when they came to some spot where water was available. While the women prepared the meal, Israel would unyoke his oxen and go to look for feed for them. Never would he eat until they were provided for. Often he would work until midnight getting everything in readiness for the start on the morrow and being sure that every comfort which this outdoor life could afford was provided for his family. True, Rachel was often weary, but untroubled sleep came to her at the end of the day. And while the exposure burned her face in spite of her faithful sunbonnet, and the hot winds dried and bleached her hair, she did not mind, for she felt herself growing stronger daily, until, at the end of the three

(*Continued on page 297*)

ERRATUM

The committee on preparation of *A Centenary of Relief Society* takes this opportunity to correct a mistake found on page 35 of *A Centenary of Relief Society*. The picture on that page attributed to be one of Rebecca E. Standring, former general board member, is in reality a picture of Rachel Ridgway Ivins Grant, the same picture that appears as the frontispiece to this *Magazine*. The committee apologizes to the members of the families concerned for this error.

The Resurrection

Oscar W. McConkie

"HE is not here, but is risen" (Luke 24:6), were words spoken by angels to "the women . . . which came with him from Galilee," for they had "followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the sabbath day according to the commandment." (Luke 23:55, 56) "Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them. And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments: And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?" (Luke 24: 1-5) Then the heavenly messengers testified that Jesus had come forth from the dead. And they saw "the place where the Lord lay."

The interrogatory: "If a man die, shall he live again?" was answered. "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so" was "the Son of Man" "three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." (Matt. 12:40) He was "raised again the third day." "And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, And came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." (Matt. 27:52, 53)

JOB knew that Jesus would come forth from the dead, and that he would see him face to face. Isaiah said that all the dead would arise with their bodies, and Daniel foretold a classification of them into everlasting happiness or contempt. And all of the prophets witnessed it. Jesus himself said that he would conquer death. Paul wrote: "Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen: And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then

cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom of God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." (I Cor. 15:12-26)

THE doctrine of the resurrection was plainly understood in the Meridian of Time. Jesus said: "But after that I am risen, I will go before you into Galilee." (Mark 14:28) To the Sadducees, who did not believe in the resurrection, he affirmed the correctness of the doctrine, and said that after the resurrection men could die no more, for they would be "the children of the resurrection."

The doctrine gives hope to all who love the Lord, for all men, whether good or bad, will be "recompensed at the resurrection." But "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the Kingdom of God." (Luke 14:15) For Jesus said that all "shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (John 5:29) Therefore, all good men have just cause to hope. But exact justice cannot be administered independent of God, for perfection is not found amongst men. In the resurrection it is different. All will have a true reward. God will administer justice there, and His judgment and His laws are perfect. His execution of penalties, and His rewards and punishments are perfect. Because He is perfect, all men may hope for perfect rewards, whether good or evil, in the resurrection. Strange things reach the ears of administrators of earthly affairs, and emotions that are shaped and controlled by many forces and prejudices enter into judgments here. But perfection will reign supreme in the resurrection. Many who rule here will be ruled over, there. Some lords will be abased. The meek will possess the earth. There is great cause for the righteous to look forward with hope, and to rejoice. But the wicked will have reason to mourn.

VICTORY is made sure through Christ. His death and resurrection make life a profitable enterprise. Without them, death would be permanent, but the atoning plan removes the sting of death. It robs the grave of permanency. It leaves death and hell empty of all who serve the Lord with whole hearts. That it might be so, God raised up Jesus, to turn the children of men from their iniquities. But they were grieved at His doctrines, and demanded that He be killed. However, God raised Him from the dead, and extended through Him His mercy to all men. And assurance thereof is given to all who listen to the truth. So "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" (Acts 26:8)

Many have suffered torture, and all manner of sorrow, and have denied themselves of every carnal pleasure, that they might have deliverance through a better resurrection. And they have blessed God, because of His abundant mercy, and have witnessed of Jesus, and have worshipped according to their highest knowledge, that they might have part in the first resurrection. Upon

such the second death shall have no power, and their names will be found written in the book of life.

" . . . and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years." (Rev. 20:4-6)

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works." (Rev. 20:12-13)

Now, the books that were opened were the Scriptures, as well as the records of the Church. The Scriptures contain the law that will judge the whole earth. And all facts and records of the Church will be measured and judged by them. They contain the law pertaining to the whole plan of salvation. The peoples of the earth must answer to them in the day of judgment. And the people of all dispensations will be judged out of whatever Scriptures were available to their respective generations. And the book of life is God's record of all life. The names of all men whom He created were in it. But the names of many will be blotted out, because of sin. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. 20:15) As to death and hell, the prophets speak of the grave as death, and the place of the consigned spirit as hell. The grave (death) will deliver up the body, and hell will deliver up the spirit, and the two will be joined in the resurrection, never more to be separated.

WHEN Jesus was born into the world, it was a mighty peace proclamation. The angels heralded His coming with songs and joy. A new star appeared, and good will went out from the presence of God. But the resurrection was of a different nature. It is true that it was a necessary event precedent to the peace of the soul, but in another sense, it was a pronouncement of the world's greatest victory. It was the most spectacular thing that ever happened in the world. It was greater than the creation of the earth, and of the bringing of its elements together.

Jewish priests, teachers, and rabbis represented the priestly order of that day. They interpreted and administered the ecclesiastical law. The priesthood of the whole earth was in their hands. Therefore, they represented the ecclesiastical law of the earth. And the seat of civil law and authority was at Rome. Rome's arms stretched far, and dominated many people. Both ecclesiastical and

civil authority of the Meridian of Time united in judgment against Jesus, and determined that He should die. They judged and pronounced sentence upon Him. And the whole force of wickedness was arrayed against Him. All evil opposed Him. Lucifer, who represented every evil force in the whole earth, concentrated all of his powers against Jesus. Thus, all wickedness, and all wicked men, were arrayed against Him.

These united to destroy His life. They succeeded because He allowed it to be so. And He suffered death in the manner devised by them, being judged of men. The law could not restore Him alive, for death reigned supreme. But He triumphed over the ecclesiastical law; over their civil law; over Lucifer, and over all his powers; and over wicked men; and over death and hell; and over all things. He came forth triumphantly. It was a victory greater than all victories. It was a victory worthy of God. None but Jesus Christ could do it.

THEREFORE, "Why are ye troubled?" and "Why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" Jesus Christ has atoned for all men, and for all life, and the vital fact of the resurrection is proved. The mercy of Chirst has established life. He is "the resurrection, and the life" and "he that believeth" in Him, "though he were dead, yet shall he live." And this probationary state is a time fixed for men to prepare to meet God, and to choose between the resurrections provided for them. It is the time to forsake all carnality, and to shake off the chains of sin. And all men ought to rejoice in Christ, without whom "there could have been no redemption," nor any resurrection, therefore, no victory. But blessed are the dead who sleep in peace, for their redemption is sure, because of the merciful plan of our Creator, who prepared a way for our deliverance. Our hope is renewed, because of the power of the resurrection, and all things will be restored, but "Do not suppose, because it has been spoken concerning restoration, that ye shall be restored from sin to happiness. Behold, I say unto you, wickedness never was happiness." (Alma 41:10) "For that which ye do send out shall return unto you again, and be restored; therefore, the word restoration more fully condemneth the sinner, and justifieth him not at all." (Alma 41:15) But all will come forth. "If they be good, to the resurrection of everlasting life; and if they be evil, to the resurrection of damnation." (III Nephi 26:5)

Women and the Home Today

Amy Brown Lyman
General President of Relief Society

The following talk was delivered by President Lyman over Radio Station KSL on Sunday evening March 14, 1943 during the Sunday Evening Church Broadcast, 9:15-9:45 p. m. Sister Lyman was invited to deliver this talk by courtesy of the Church Radio Committee in recognition of the 101st birthday of Relief Society, March 17, 1943.

ONE hundred and one years ago, March 17, 1943, the women's Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. Today its members may be found in every state of the United States, in six continents, and in the islands of the sea —in many nations, some of which are now opposed to one another in war. Nevertheless, these women are bound together by their common acceptance of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and their membership in the Relief Society. Truly did Madame Chiang Kai-shek say in her recent historic speech to the Congress of the United States that "devotion to common principles eliminates differences in race, and identity of ideals is the strongest possible solvent of racial dissimilarities."

As the president of this international organization with its 115,000 members, I regard it as a great privilege as well as an outstanding honor to have this opportunity of speaking over the radio to our Relief Society workers, officers and members, and also to the multitude of others who listen to the messages of this regular Sunday evening broadcast of our Church.

To our Relief Society members I extend greetings, and to them express appreciation for the great and unselfish contributions they are making for the good of humanity in these troubled and anxious times, contributions not only to their own organization, but to their Church, to their communities, and to the various nations in which they are citizens. They are concerned both as individuals and as organized groups in the health and welfare of their communities, both in programs initiated by the Society itself, and by co-operating with other agencies, particularly in the fields of relief, food conservation (including canning and drying of fruits and vegetables), salvage, recreation for service men, sewing, and nursing services —giving countless hours in volunteer work. And all this service they are rendering in addition to performing their home duties; for Relief Society women are first of all homemakers and mothers. The noble spirits of these good women, their courage, and their work have impressed favorably, I am sure, all who know of the work they have done. What they have accomplished is truly amazing, and I am sure our Heavenly Father not only sanctions and approves their efforts, but for these unselfish efforts he will reward them richly.

THE responsibilities and duties of women, always important and always great, seem greater today than they have ever been before. With the world involved in war and

our customary manner of living disturbed and interfered with, new calls are constantly being made upon them. Women are expected to bear and bring up children, to care for the homes, to serve and to sacrifice, to help to keep up the morale of their families, of their communities, and of their country, and to help safeguard the emotional stability of the nation. They thoroughly sense the unusual needs and demands which have come in connection with this great struggle which has as its slated objective the obtaining of freedom for all mankind, and the establishment of peace—of a peace which can function and thus be more than a mere temporary truce. They therefore stand ready and willing to work and serve wherever duty calls. They strive under even the most trying conditions to help to keep up the general morale, to be calm, patient, and serene; and, as a group, to be a source of quiet fortitude and encouragement. They try to rise above their own personal anxieties and trials, and they do their utmost to sustain the courage of others—of husbands, brothers, sons, and even youths and children. Women are also willing to make sacrifices, all those sacrifices which a nation may ask of its citizens in a time of common peril.

In times of war the great sacrifice for women is sending forth their sons to the battle front. Those who create, always suffer greatly when the fruits of their creation are endangered or are in peril. The artist or the sculptor would be filled with anguish if, after months or years of continued painstaking effort, his masterpiece, in the form of a painting, a statue, or a marble carving, should be mutilated or destroyed. The artist knows as no one else can know what each work of art has cost. He knows what long years of struggle and study it takes to actually produce, to create.

Then what of the mother who produces life, who bears and brings up a son and then is called upon to have him, for his country, make the supreme sacrifice? She only, who has produced human life, knows the cost and the value of human life, and therefore she has unparalleled and profound reverence and regard for it. And what, too, of those other mothers, young wives who are left to rear their children singlehanded and alone? Other sacrifices, however great, whatever they are, such as the loss of property or other material things, or the loss of personal comforts, or the giving up of a life of comparative ease for one of hard labor—all these are as nothing in comparison. And yet the love of country, the love of freedom and liberty, and the dedication to what they regard as duty, are causes for which women, the human childbearers, are willing to pay, even at the greatest of all costs. If things could be as women would have them, however, war as a means of arranging human differences would be abolished. They would settle such difficulties by arbitration and compensation.

FROM among the multiplicity of tasks which come to women today, we should choose wisely. It is extremely difficult and of some concern to know how to proceed, how to know which work is the most important, the most constructive,

which will really be most helpful, which will bring the most needed results. It is also difficult to know how much we can safely undertake and try to complete satisfactorily without detriment to our health, to our home life, and to the health and welfare of our children.

We all desire to do our very best with the time at our disposal. We want to make the most of it. Each day comes but once, and each and every hour of every day we would like to use to the best advantage. We stand ready to do this with all the energies and powers at our command. The question, however, often arises, what shall we undertake to do and what may we profitably let remain undone? I am persuaded that we may let go many things which are of small consequence, many passing pleasures which have no permanent or eternal value. As new duties and responsibilities present themselves, these should be considered in the light of their relative importance one to another, and in the light of their relative importance when compared with the values of that regular routine work which must be done, and which many are now normally pursuing. Some women, such as mothers with little children, may be doing work both in the home and in the community, more prosaic but more important, helpful, and far-reaching, in the long run, and more necessary even to the progress of the war and the peace to follow, than any kind of new work. Many are able, therefore, to add but little to their present burdens. Then on the other hand, there are many other women who are free to give practically full time to war efforts.

All will agree that the first and most important duty of women is to keep the homes intact and the families together. The home, the basic institution of society, must be preserved. Not only should homes be kept intact for the sake of those left in the home, but also for the sake of the boys and men who are at the front. We are reminded constantly by military leaders that, from the military standpoint, homes should be properly maintained; that they are and will remain the greatest inspiration to the men in the service. Home is their chief topic of conversation.

Then, as the givers and the guardians of life, it is the task of women in the midst of any and all exigencies and emergencies to bring up the generation of tomorrow. This is always a great responsibility for women, and especially so when they have to carry this burden alone. To the woman with young children, children of the ages requiring continual care and supervision, surely her first duty is toward them. This is her most important work, and the greatest contribution any mother can make to the world, either in time of peace or in time of war. It is especially important today that children be brought up in well-regulated homes, homes that run smoothly, homes where good standards are maintained. System and regularity are the best preventives of emotional difficulties which often result, later on, in behavior problems, and juvenile delinquency. In all homes, and in all the adjustments which every home and family will have to make, children should receive full consideration.

From the viewpoint of the Latter-day Saints, the family is a sacred and holy institution and family life is the most important of all human relationships. This conclusion is based upon their belief in the pre-existence of man, in a life beyond the grave, in the immortality of the spirit, and in the eternal and everlasting union of husbands and wives and of parents and children.

Latter-day Saints believe that "marriage is ordained of God . . . that the earth might answer the end of its creation; And that it might be filled with the measure of man, according to his creation before the world was made" (Doc. and Cov. 49:15-17); we believe and teach that marriage is a holy sacrament as well as a legal union, and that when marriage is consummated by proper authority in the House of the Lord it is "for time and for all eternity."

In the standards and plans for the Latter-day Saint home and for home life, children should be given the first consideration. Their health is to be guarded and careful provision is to be made for their schooling, their leisure, and their spiritual welfare. Rarely can a family be found in the Church in which the parents are not willing to make real sacrifices to educate their children, provide suitable recreation for them, and build up in them faith and such a love for the Gospel of the Master that these children, without financial remuneration, serve gladly as missionaries to spread the "glad tidings."

Belief in the immortality of the spirit affects all reactions in the Latter-day Saint home. When parents look into the faces of their little children, believing that their spirits are immortal, that they will go on and progress eternally, there comes into the souls of parents a feeling of reverence for the life and personality of these little ones whom God has entrusted to their care; and parents are willing to forego personal pleasure, even endure severe trials, rather than to deprive these children of normal home life, or of whatever else may be necessary for their proper growth and development.

Church members were greatly impressed by the message of the First Presidency of the Church given last October, in which they called attention to the duties and responsibilities of parents regarding their children. It has caused us all to pause and to review again our standards and ideals, our manner of living, and our obligations as parents and Church auxiliary workers. I will close these remarks with some quotations from this great message:

> By bringing these choice spirits to earth, each father and each mother assumes towards the tabernacled spirit and towards the Lord Himself . . . an obligation of the most sacred kind, because the fate of that spirit in the eternities to come, the blessings or punishments which shall await it in the hereafter, depend, in great part, upon the care, the teachings, the training which the parents shall give to that spirit.
>
> No parent can escape that obligation and that responsiblility, and for the proper meeting thereof, the Lord will hold us to a strict accountability. No loftier duty than this can be assumed by mortals.
>
> Motherhood thus becomes a holy calling, a sacred dedication for carrying out the Lord's plans, a consecration of devotion to the uprearing and fostering, the nurturing in body, mind, and spirit, of

(*Concluded on page 297*)

Keep Close to the Church

Dr. Edgar B. Brossard
Member United States Tariff Commission

KEEP close to the Church and its teachings, is God's command. Obedience to this admonition will establish proper values and objectives for life's work, and will contribute to man's greatest joy and satisfaction. Keeping this counsel and demonstrating its fruits will aid others to obtain for themselves the same consequent blessings. Abiding by it will thus strengthen us and the Church and make for better living standards the world over. Compliance with it will provide salvation and exaltation in the life hereafter.

The authorities, ancient and present, have stressed the necessity of our active affiliation with the Church and of the practical application of its doctrine in our lives. We are taught to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," to "go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day"; that it is good to meet together often to renew our covenants and to study the Gospel; that we should bear our testimonies to each other often because that will strengthen our faith and make it easier to keep it, and to live as we should.

The exhortations of the Old and New Testaments, the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants, the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith and of all the leaders of the Church since then, resound in one chorus—seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened; keep the commandments and you shall know whether they are of God; the race is not to the swift nor to the strong but to them who endure to the end; keep close to the Church and the Lord will bless you with the strength of ten.

The Gospel is God's plan of life and salvation for His family, the human family. The Church is His organization providing opportunities for its fulfillment. In the love and wisdom of an all-seeing Father, He has marked our course through life and back to our eternal home. His plan is so unlimited in scope and so marvelous in comprehension that it inspires mankind to hope, even for perfection. And His Church through the Priesthood, wards, stakes, missions, the Relief Society, Sunday School, Primary, Mutuals, scouting, choirs, Genealogical Societies, and temple work, offers the means of achieving this glorious objective.

THE past twenty years in Church, Government, and other work in Washington dealing with representatives of domestic and foreign industries, agriculture, labor, and governments of many nations has shown anew the great present value of the Church and has emphasized the mission it has to perform throughout the world. That mission, if possible, is even more vital now than heretofore. Present conditions would be quite different if just the homely and simple virtue of absolute and forthright honesty were

MEMBERS OF WASHINGTON STAKE IN MILITARY SERVICE HONORED

Washington Stake Conference, September 1942. Center, left to right: President Oscar A. Kirkham, President Ezra T. Benson, and President Hugh B. Brown.

practiced among men. Open honesty that declared "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," would make negotiating treaties, trade agreements, and all other international dealings easier and the results more enduring. What a heaven on earth it would be if all the high standards of the Church were adhered to by mankind generally in all their relations with each other, and if men acted knowing that what they did, had not only a fleeting, but an eternal effect.

Nearly ten years ago when President Heber J. Grant, both his counselors, and five members of the Quorum of the Twelve came to Washington to dedicate the new chapel they told us over and over again that they hoped we would make full use of it. "Take good care of it, yes. It is new, bright, and lovely, and is beautifully furnished, but it was built and equipped to be used."

Ever since the day of its opening, it has been used effectively in preaching the Gospel and keeping members active in the Church. Besides the full program of regular Church services as a ward and stake house, 180,000 visitors have come to the chapel to enjoy a restful hour of music and a conducted tour of the building, and have sent back word to their families and friends in all parts of the country. With the capital city mobilized for war, the 1600

SERVICE MEN ENTERTAINED, 1942
Home of Bishop and Sister Harold G. Clark

tourists per month have given way to as many defense workers and temporary residents who turn to the "Mormon Chapel" for respite and new inspiration. A third of these guests remain for an hour or more in gospel conversation with the stake missionaries, while uncounted others come to Sunday services and M. I. A. to see "Mormons-in-action." The fifty service men who find a restful night's lodging in the clean, airy gymnasium each Saturday night can attest to the building being used and its conventions respected. Elder D. Sterling Wheelwright, as organist, chapel director, and in charge of the Bureau of Information is, with his talented wife, doing a magnificent missionary service. Excepting the Salt Lake Tabernacle, organ, choir, and Temple grounds, this is the greatest center of missionary activities in the Church. Its influence is world-wide because of its character, and because it emanates from the Capital of the United States of America where are located diplomatic representatives of every important nation on earth.

IN recent years there has been a vast movement of members of the Church from the former center stakes in the valleys of the Rockies to hunt new opportunities in all parts of the United States, east, west, north and south, and to many foreign countries. Hundreds have come to Washington, D. C. to work in the Government, attend the universities, establish business, practice law, medicine, dentistry, teach school, be with their children, or other loved ones, and for various other purposes. The membership in the Washington Ward is a regular moving cavalcade. It changes so rapidly that it is an exacting job to keep ward records up to date under such conditions. The genius of the Church is shown in the way it inspires members to give their time and do the necessary work to meet such problems. Because so many of those who come to the Nation's Capital have continued active in the Church, this group has grown from a mere handful, meeting in Senator Reed Smoot's home, to a good size stake of 3,000 members. That whole period of change and growth is replete with evidence of the blessings that have come to those who have kept close to the Church.

And now, during the past two years, thousands of our young men

and women have joined the armed and auxiliary forces of our nation, and are to be found in all parts of the world where those forces are on duty, or training for activity in the various services. Hundreds of them have come to Washington and nearby areas. These young people are away from home, many of them for the first time. They are away from family and friends and from their familiar and stabilized Church and home-town social and economic conditions. They are often engaged in strange and unloved, and sometimes difficult and dangerous tasks that are necessary for the protection of our country and our way of life. These men and women especially should contact the Church at every possible point in their travels to partake of the sacrament and renew their covenants with the Lord. They will learn more of the Gospel, strengthen their faith, draw nearer to God, obtain courage to resist temptation, and become stronger in character and endurance to carry on under any and all conditions the vicissitudes of their tasks and living conditions.

Many of the testimonies now borne in our Washington fast meetings are those of such visiting service men and women from nearby bases. Their thrilling, faith-promoting experiences, and their expressed need and love for keeping close to the Church is a tribute to the homes and wards all over the Church from which they come. A lieutenant colonel in the Army Air Corps, a member of the Church whose wife had been baptized during their few months stay in Washington, said conversions were not made through prayer and study alone, but also by the warm friendliness which radiates through our churches and personal associations. A young marine paid great tribute to his brother's fidelity to the Church. He said in coming to Washington he was eager to find his brother, also in the service, who had expected to be here about that time. He had no means of knowing where to locate him, but he knew it he were here, when Sunday came he would find him at Sunday School. And so he did. These fine young men are all enlisted in teaching and appreciating the Restored Gospel as well as in the service of their country, and through prayer and right living they can keep close to the Lord wherever their service may take them.

A COMMENDABLE practice of the families of the various wards of Washington, by arrangement of the stake military committee, is to invite all service men visiting the Washington Chapel Sunday School to have dinner in the homes. Many of these men find relatives and friends at Church; however, from six to twenty others each Sunday have dinner with families who have especially prepared for them. The men enjoy this respite from camp life and the host families enjoy having them, as is shown by this report of Sister Leah Ivins Cardon:

> It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. From the time they entered our front door and our son burst into the kitchen exclaiming, "Mom, let's do this every Sunday," until the last one left in the evening, it was a thrill. There were twenty of them, soldiers, sailors, and marines. To see them greet each other and us, to meet other Westerners, other

Mormons, people who knew their home country and perhaps knew some of their friends, brought a light to their faces which I shall never forget. And I agreed with my young son when he said, on one of his many trips to the kitchen to replenish the hot rolls' plate, "Mom, a religion that can produce a bunch of men like this has got something." I am looking forward to having them again, only next time I shall make ten dozen rolls instead of five.

Each family entertaining also writes a note of greeting and appreciation to the parents of the men. The replies received from these anxious parents, happy in their sons being able to attend church and find home friends, would warm the heart of anyone. In this spirit of loving fellowship the work of God goes forward and men and women in all wards and branches are thus keeping close to the Church.

EVEN in places where there are no Church organizations, we may enjóy religious blessings of a substantial character. Through secret prayer everyone may enjoy close and intimate communion with God and obtain the unrivalled fruits thereof. Members may send tithing to their bishops each pay day and keep the Word of Wisdom, and thus keep a very tangible association with the Church through compliance with these important commandments of the Lord. Think of our radio, telephone, telegraph, and mailing facilities for keeping close to the Church. In the days of our Savior, only those in the vicinity where He ministered even heard His name. Today, the sermons of His servants and our great Tabernacle organ and choir may be heard around the world. Church literature and the timely and inspired current messages of the First Presidency are readily available to even the remotest parts.

Finally, there is no substitute nor alternative for keeping close to the Church and its teachings. It encompasses the real joys and satisfactions of life. May God help us to ever keep the Gospel standards before us in all our transactions with Him and with our fellowmen, and help each to do his small part in building up His Church and Kingdom here upon the earth.

9. And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day;

10. For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High;

11. Nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days and at all times;

12. But remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren, and before the Lord.—*Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 59.

He Lives! "The Darkness Proclaims the Glory of Light"

Genet Bingham Dee

IN these dark days, days of terror and anguish, should we not ask as did the Lamanites of old on one occasion, "What shall we do that this cloud of darkness may be removed from overshadowing us?"

Will we not find the answer in the reply of a wise man among them: "You must repent even until ye shall have faith in Christ; and when ye shall do this, the cloud of darkness shall be removed from overshadowing you."

There is no book in all the world, it seems to me, that offers such solace for this our time, that teaches so eloquently the power and comfort of prayer, that teaches so definitely the love of God for all His children, that pleads so earnestly with those who stray to return to faith in Christ, as does the Book of Mormon. Yes, repentance is made almost joyful in this sacred book. In fact, this history of ancient Americans is largely a story of contrasts: pictures of the glory and joy of light, and the darkness and sorrow of sin.

Two of the greatest stories of such vivid contrast are the accounts of the impenetrable darkness which proclaimed Christ's crucifixion at Jerusalem, and the sublime narrative of His visit to the Nephites. Both stories are simple, brief, dramatic.

The Witness of the Elements in Chaos

THIRTY-THREE years had passed away since a new star of brilliance and glory and other "great lights and many signs and wonders in the heavens" proclaimed the birth of the Christ in Bethlehem.

And now the elements in chaos proclaimed that man had slain Him, "Christ, the Son of God, the Father of Heaven and of earth, the Creator of all things from the beginning."

The signs of His death had been predicted by Samuel the Lamanite Prophet. But sin was rampant in the land. The prophets were scorned, many of them slain. And, lo, suddenly, "in the thirty and fourth year, in the first month, on the fourth day of the month," into their confusion and doubt the signs came, all of them as the prophets had foretold, the signs of the death of the Savior of the world in faraway Jerusalem.

A storm broke, "such an one as never had been known in all the land." Thunderings, lightnings, tempests! The very earth shook and trembled. Rocks were "rent in twain" both above and beneath the earth. Mountains were "laid low like unto valleys." Valleys became mountains.

The great city of Zarahemla and many other great and notable cities were burned. The City of Moroni sank into the depths of the sea; "the earth was carried up upon the city of Moronihah that in the place of the city there became a great mountain."

There was devastation unfathomable throughout the land, "great and

terrible destruction." The face of the whole land was changed because of the tempest and the whirlwinds and the thunderings and the lightnings and the exceeding great quaking of the whole earth.

Many cities were levelled by earthquake, "the inhabitants thereof were slain and the places were left desolate . . . some were carried away in the whirlwind; and whither they went no man knoweth. . . ."

Finally "the thunderings, and the lightnings and the storm, and the tempest, and the quakings of the earth did cease—for behold . . . all these great and terrible things were done in about the space of three hours." It was said by some that the time was greater.

Small wonder that the time seemed greater. A few seconds of such terrifying chaos might well seem like an eternity to those who lived through it. It is difficult even to imagine the tumult and the noise. Not only were the buildings, high towers, and walls of the cities being crashed to the ground by the angry elements; but the earth itself was creaking and trembling in its very foundations.

What an implacable foe those elements became, as God vented the wrath of His judgment upon those disobedient ones, according to the decrees which He had made!

The Testimony of Utter Darkness

PERHAPS only once in the history of the world has there been such complete and impenetrable darkness as enveloped the American Continent following the storm's devastation. That time would be in the beginning when "darkness was upon the face of the deep" before God said, "Let there be light," before He "placed the lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth."

". . . then behold, there was darkness upon the face of the land. . . . there was thick darkness upon all the face of the land, insomuch that the inhabitants thereof who had not fallen could feel the vapor of darkness; And there could be no light, because of the darkness, neither candles, neither torches; neither could there be fire kindled with their fine and exceedingly dry wood, so that there could not be any light at all.

"And there was not any light seen, neither fire, nor glimmer, neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars, for so great were the mists of darkness which were upon the face of the land. And it . . . did last for the space of THREE DAYS that there was no light seen; and there was great mourning and howling and weeping among all the people continually; yea, great were the groanings of the people, because of the darkness and the great destruction which had come upon them."

Jerusalem was enveloped in darkness for but three hours at the time of the crucifixion. Why three days of darkness upon this continent? Was it not a special blessing, a way of compelling the Nephites to repent? And they did repent.

"And in one place they were heard to cry, saying: O that we had repented before this great and terrible day."

"And in another place they were heard to cry and mourn, saying: O that we had repented before this great and terrible day, and had not killed and stoned the prophets, and cast them out; then would our mothers

and our fair daughters and our children have been spared, and not have been buried up in that great city, Moronihah!"

The Warning Voice

"AND it came to pass that there was a voice heard among all the inhabitants of the earth, upon all the face of this land, crying: *Wo, wo, wo unto this people; Wo unto the inhabitants of the whole earth except they shall repent; for the devil laugheth, and his angels rejoice, because of the slain of the fair sons and daughters of my people; and it is because of their iniquity and abominations that they are fallen!*"

The Voice from heaven recounted some of the great cities which had been destroyed as punishment for sin, naming sixteen in all. And they were destroyed in the space of three hours!

Then the Warning Voice became one of mercy and of pleading: "*O all ye that are spared . . .*" came the gentle message, "*will ye not now return unto me, . . . that I may heal you? . . . Behold, mine arm of mercy is extended towards you, and whosoever will come, him will I receive; and blessed are those who come unto me.*

"*Behold, I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are. I was with the Father from the beginning. I am in the Father, and the Father in me; And in me hath the Father glorified his name.*"

The Silence

AFTER the people heard the words of Jesus there was silence in the land for the space of many hours, so great was their astonishment.

But the darkness continued, the great blanket of darkness, so dense that the people could feel the vapor of darkness until three days had passed away.

Light After Darkness

"AND it was in the morning, and the darkness dispersed from off the face of the land, and the earth did cease to tremble, and the rocks did cease to rend, and the dreadful groanings did cease, and all the tumultuous noises did pass away." The mourning of the people "was turned into joy, and their lamentations into the praise and thanksgiving unto the Lord Jesus Christ, their Redeemer."

The Risen Lord Appears

A GREAT multitude of Nephites had gathered about the temple in the Land Bountiful. No doubt they had come for comfort to this House of the Lord.

They were marvelling about "the great and marvelous change which had taken place. And they were also conversing about this Jesus Christ, of whom the sign had been given concerning his death. . . . they heard a voice as if it came out of heaven; and they cast their eyes round about, for they understood not the voice which they heard; and it was not a harsh voice, neither was it a loud voice; nevertheless . . . it did pierce them that did hear to the center, insomuch that there was no part of their frame that it did not cause to quake; yea, it did pierce them to the very soul, and did cause their hearts to burn.

"And . . . again they heard the voice, and they understood it not.

"And again the third time they did hear the voice, and did open their ears to hear it; and their eyes were towards the sound thereof; and they did look steadfastly toward heaven, from whence the sound came. And behold the third time they did understand the voice which they heard; and it said unto them:

"Behold my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name—hear ye him.

"And it came to pass, as they understood they cast their eyes up again towards heaven; and behold, they saw a Man descending out of heaven; and he was clothed in a white robe; and he came down and stood in the midst of them; and the eyes of the whole multitude were turned upon him, and they durst not open their mouths, even one to another, and wist not what it meant, for they thought it was an angel that had appeared unto them.

"And he stretched forth his hand and spake unto the people, saying:

"Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world.

"And behold, I am the light and the life of the world; and I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me, and have glorified the Father in taking upon me the sins of the world, in the which I have suffered the will of the Father in all things from the beginning.

"And . . . when Jesus had spoken these words the whole multitude fell to the earth; for they remembered that it had been prophesied among them that Christ should show himself unto them after his ascension into heaven."

To Dispel All Doubt

AND "the Lord spake unto them saying:

"Arise and come forth unto me, that ye may thrust your hands into my side, and also that ye may feel the prints of the nails in my hands and in my feet, that ye may know that I am the God of Israel, and the God of the whole earth, and have been slain for the sins of the world.

"And . . . the multitude went forth, and thrust their hands into his side, and did feel the prints of the nails in his hands and in his feet; and this they did do, going forth one by one until they had all gone forth, and did see with their eyes and did feel with their hands, and did know of a surety and did bear record, that it was he, of whom it was written by the prophets, that should come.

"And when they had all gone forth and had witnessed for themselves, they did cry out with one accord, saying:

"Hosanna! Blessed be the name of the Most High God! And they did fall down at the feet of Jesus, and did worship him."

AT this Easter Season we do worship at His feet. Now when the unrighteous have plunged the world into war, and our land and our loved ones are in danger, we look to Him, the source of peace and light, with the assurance that He will bear us up "upon the wings of His Spirit."

God grant that our burdens may be light through the joy of His Son. Then even from the sadness of our hearts we shall find peace through the love of Him who said:

"I am the light and the life of the world."

The Lion House

Rachel G. Taylor

FAMILY tradition says that Brigham Young's remembrance of the many-gabled windows of a white house in Vermont was the inspiration for the Lion House. His brother-in-law, Truman O. Angell, was the architect, but Brigham Young's training as a cabinetmaker and builder were definitely shown in many details of his new home.

The exact date of the completion of the Lion House was not recorded. The pioneers were so busy doing things, that slight attention was given to writing about them.

From Truman O. Angell's journal it would appear that the work was commenced in 1854. (Apparently the Bee Hive House was being finished at this time.) He writes:

July 10, 1854—I have been very busy with the various duties obligatory on me as an architect what time my health permits. My present work is on the details of *President Young's large new house* but I have to be posted upon many other jobs such as the sugar factory, President Young's old house that was carried up last fall, etc.

August 10th, 1854—Since my last sketching I have been busy on various plans, one for the *President's big house* . . .

August 27th, 1854—I have just made out details for finishing the president's big house.

April 2, 1855—Since March 16th finished East elevation of Temple, designed front elevation of President Young's big house, which was drawn by William W. Ward.

May 8, 1855—I am now preparing to go south with the President on his annual trip to the settlements. While I am gone Brother William W. Ward will keep a journal and insert it here of the proceedings with the business of the office. I have charged him with the finishing of the flagging of the President's porch, also setting the steps and also making the handrail.

December 29th, 1855—I made out several parts of finish to be erected in the President's big house that will show for itself in a few days.

EARLY VIEW OF LION HOUSE

THE style followed the pattern of early English mansions. The first of the three stories was built of large sandstone blocks. The other two of sun-baked Mormon adobe. The roof was shingled and had six towering double chimneys to take care of the stoves and many open fireplaces throughout the interior of the building.

The home received its name from the lion on its vestibule roof. Of this lion there is the following item in the *Millennial Star* of January 26, 1856:

A stone lion of the size of life, most beautifully and correctly sculptured by Brother William Ward, has been elevated to its position on the battlement porch at the south end of President Young's large family dwelling.

The walls, inside as well as out, were made twenty-three inches thick. The joists for the basement floors were straight pine poles about six inches in diameter. Twenty dormer windows, ten on each side, were among its most distinctive features. The face of the adobe walls was plastered smoothly and given a coat of light whitewash, adding dignity to the building.

There were small panes of glass in all the windows. An observant visitor may still distinguish pioneer made "wavy panes," which have survived the years. When the original green shutters, so distinctive of colonial houses, wore out, they were discarded, but recently they have been restored. The crumbling plaster on adobe walls was later replaced with a veneer of cement blocks, adding to the stability, but materially detracting from the beauty of the house.

The plan on the inside had a character all its own. On each floor there was a long hall running the entire length of the building. The main and upper halls each had two glass-paned partitions with a door in the center. This conserved heat and also was pleasing to the eye. Before the days of gas and electricity, two rows of brackets with oil lamps ran down the hall and lighted its shadowy length.

THERE were forty rooms in the home. On the upper floor leading from the hall were twenty rooms, four with two windows, the other sixteen each with a side dormer window. Many of the rooms had fireplaces. Later some of the rooms had Franklin stoves. Bedrooms without stoves were heated with a stovepipe crossing its width near the ceiling. On the main floor the parlor and nine private living rooms branched from the hall. The lower floor hall had doors leading to the family dining room, the pantry, kitchen, laundry, school room, bathroom, milk room, weaving room, and two large stone-tiled rooms, used for cellar and vegetable storage. A hall to the east led out into the court, where first the well, and later the pump, furnished the water for family use.

Through many passing years, widely varied activities have been carried on in this outstanding edifice. First it served the purpose for which it was erected, it was a beloved home for Brigham Young and many of his wives and children. An item in the *Journal History*, Dec. 24, 1856, tells of a party in December of the year the Lion House was completed

President Brigham Young gave an entertainment in his new residence the "Lion House" on Christmas evening to the large number of the missionaries returned from foreign missions and a few other brethren with their wives. Soon after the company assembled the President expressed gratitude at being able to comfortably entertain so goodly a party, most cordially greeted all with a fatherly welcome and invited them to enjoy them-

VIEW OF PARLOR OF LION HOUSE
Showing original cupboards and table made for Brigham Young

selves with singing and conversation, or with praying and preaching as might seem to them good and remarked as he often does, in inviting guests to a party, the only limitation to number, in his feelings, was the extent of room for their accommodation, hence had he a suitable room, he would never wish to stop until he had invited every Latter-day Saint in all the world.

Later some of the east rooms on the main floor were used for Church office purposes. In 1900 the building was purchased by the Church and became a part of the L. D. S. University. In 1931, when all departments of the school, except the Business College, were discontinued, the Presidency of the Y. W. M. I. A. made a request that they be allowed to use it as a social center for girls and women. And in Dec. 1931, the request was granted. The last ten years have seen this outstanding product of pioneer building once more invested with the spirit and charm of a hospitable community home. The late Harrison R. Merrill sensed the new mission of the home when he wrote:

As the visitor walks up the few steps and pushes open the beautiful handmade door and stands in the dimly lighted hall, if he is one who is prone to honor and reverence the past as being prophetic of the future, he cannot help feel that he is in a building which was once home to a very great man. In fact he is likely to call it the Mt. Vernon of the West, for here the father of the Wilderness, also a home lover, a believer in the soil and in the common man, lived and died.

As he tiptoes into the famous parlor which has served as reception room for many of the greatest men of the world, and stands there in the presence of the spirit of Brigham Young, the colonizer, the statesman, the empire builder, he can be excused for dreaming fine dreams of what the Lion House Social Center is to mean to thousands and thousands of girls and women. He can there feel the very spirit of the place which breathes warmly though softly the words, "Welcome, come in and make yourself at home."

This old parlor with its deep-set windows and expertly finished wall cabinets is a homey room. It is the place where the family gathered for prayers, where social gatherings were held, and where young men courted their sweethearts.

The skillfully grained cherry-painted woodwork, with its gold band trim, is the same as when the house was finished in 1856. Around the room are comfortable wooden chairs, exact copies of the ones made for this spot by the "Public Work Shops—Great Salt Lake City." A Harwood painting of the family farm, now Liberty Park, a duplicate of one of Brigham Young's couches, and his beautifully carved mahogany center table lends the atmosphere of his day to this interesting parlor. The *Journal History*, Jan. 6, 1859 relates:

He (President Young) then took the brethren into the Lion House parlor, 32 feet long and 16 feet wide, showed them two center tables made of solid mahogany, made in this city. When Thomas S. Williams was cutting his great wall, he brought from the states a log of mahogany about 14 inches through. Williams and Hooper insisted that Governor Young should take it; the tables were made by William Bell and they are superb specimens of workmanship. He also showed them a looking glass which he said Williams and Hooper had sold him with its mate. They bought them for their own use, and when they smashed up they prevailed on the President to buy them, their cost in the states were $100 each. The President gave a wild breeding mare for them. He also showed them a piano and said eight of his girls under eleven years of age had learned to play on it. He said he had another in the Bee Hive Mansion. The Pesident remarked that last year when the army was coming up the Platte the officers fully expected to make their headquarters in the Lion House and that now he had forty children in it under 13 years of age and altogether seventy-five persons. Nearly a dozen little cherubs were in the parlor studying their lessons when the brethren entered.

The room through the doorway to the north also has the original painted woodwork representing oak, with the graining so typical of the best buildings of that period. Here is found an old-fashioned fireplace, one of the many that was originally built in the house.

In the Pioneer room at the far end of the hall, one feels the atmosphere of bygone days. Two layers of modern hardwood flooring that covered the original floor have been removed, and varied widths of pine flooring, their color mellowed by age, form an appropriate background for the circular ivory and rose braided rugs. The blue tinted walls and matching paint on woodwork, the wax fruit under a towering crystal dome, duplicates of Brigham Young's couches and chairs, and his gold muffler, with gay rose and blue tulips framed on the wall, make this room a joy to lovers of pioneer handicraft.

There are two memorial rooms on the main floor. It is appropriate that these rooms should contain many interesting relics belonging to

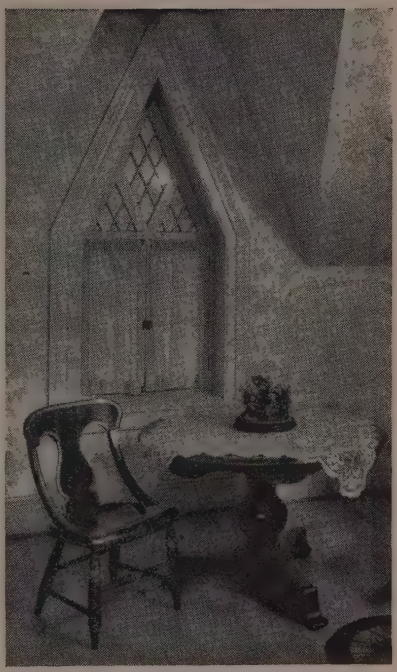
Brigham Young and his immediate family.

It was in the larger of these two rooms that President Young died. His daughter Zina wrote of his passing, "the canopy bed he occupied . . . was placed before the window where he could get the air and his loved ones be around him." History tells us that a throng of anxious saints waited night as well as day in the court outside his bedroom window. When they heard the words "He is gone," slowly and reverently, with grief-stricken hearts, they ended their long vigil.

In this room are his clothes, his cape and shawl, dishes from the Governor's dinner set, a table, couch, and chairs originally used in the house. Here is an exquisite chenille shawl, and also dresses, shoes, and fans belonging to his wives and daughters. Of children's toys there is a set of three little rocking chairs, and a charming wax doll.

On the top floor there still remains a room the size of the twenty original ones, two of the old fireplaces, and the inside detail of the many-gabled windows. A south door leads out onto the battlement porch where the famed stone lion has rested for nearly a century.

A visit to the house is not complete unless one goes to the lower floor where kitchens, laundry, weaving, provision, and the large dining room were located. All this space is now occupied by the Center cafeteria, with its six dining rooms. The most interesting of these are the ones converted from the old provision cellars. Taking up a worn-out, musty wooden floor disclosed the original flagstones. The walls show the size



ONE OF THE TWENTY DORMER WINDOWS

and type of stone and adobe used in the construction of the building. Copies of pioneer tables and rush bottom chairs complete this unusual setting.

The building adjoining the Lion House on the east housed the offices of the presidents of the Church and served as territorial headquarters when Brigham Young was governer. This building is now a part of the Social Center. These rooms are among the most interesting to the thousands of tourists who are conducted through the center each year by volunteer guides.

The balcony room with its cupboard staircase, oil painted facsimile

VIEW OF TWO MEMORIAL ROOMS

Showing one corner of the room in which Brigham Young died, and on into farther room where dresses worn by members of his family are on display.

of office documents tucked in tiny pigeonholes, its golden-toned desks with scroll saw decorations makes a most interesting spot.

* * *

Time has been kind to the Lion House. Its quaint touches of another century's beauty blend harmoniously with the happy activities it houses.

Brigham Young was a man of vision, building for the future. It is fitting that the Retrenchment Association, organized by him in the Lion House parlor, should grow into the Young Woman's Mutual Improvement Association with a membership of over 82,000, whose executives seek to carry the spirit of his hospitality and high standards to all who enter the doors of his home, the Lion House.

Study order and cleanliness in your various occupations. Adorn your city and neighborhood. Make your homes lovely, and adorn your hearts with the grace of God. 8:297.—*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 310.

The Gardener's Best and Oldest Friend

Hazel D. Moyle
Garden Editor, *The Deseret News*

WHEN Adam, the world's first gardener, was driven out of that first perfect garden, he was told that henceforth the earth should bring forth thorns and thistles, and that his part forever after should be to till the soil.

Few modern gardeners connect those ancient and beautiful words with their own 1943 Victory Gardens. Surely, exclaims the amateur, we have now progressed, with all our modern tools and gadgets, our balanced fertilizers and high-class varieties, beyond such primitive methods of making plants grow!

Yet that ancient command to till the soil is as important today as it was in the days of Adam, and especially is it important in raising a Victory Garden of vegetables. Call it tilling, or cultivating, or stirring, or just plain hoeing . . . here is the open sesame and the royal road to achieving a successful and abundant garden.

How strange that it usually requires experience plus a few failures to teach the amateur gardenmaker that the hoe (or its twin-tool, the three-pronged cultivator), is truly the gardener's best friend.

"The more we hoe, the more we grow" runs an old adage quoted for years and years by both farmers and gardeners, yet the beginner is inclined to pin his faith on some high-power nostrum or pill, some magical vitamin wand, claimed to make the garden rows prosper and thrive with little or no effort on the gardener's part.

Cultivation of the soil is vitally important if we wish to realize all those pleasant expectations of bumper crops, of luscious tomatoes that rival those pictured on the first page of the catalogues, of tender, sweet peas and carrots, beets, and other succulent eatables. We must learn to use this old and trusty weapon with a will and with persistence if we would have a garden of which we can be proud.

We must cultivate early and late, often, and then repeat the process, in fact, we cannot overdo this age-old practice of stirring and tilling the soil about our plants if we wish them to prosper and flourish.

Few indeed are the plants that do not welcome and appreciate good cultivation. The queen of all flowers, the rose, must have it in order to produce her best. The trees show their appreciation of an occasional good cultivation by bearing better foliage or fruit. Even the tiniest seedling will hold up its head, and take heart, and set to work to grow up, if it is encouraged by having the surrounding soil stirred gently to let in air and to stimulate its growth.

MAKE plans to cultivate your vegetables as soon as the seeds pop up and can be seen in a row. Use a small hoe, often called a War-

ren Heart-shaped hoe, or the efficient three-pronged cultivator, or if your vegetable garden is large enough to justify the expense, purchase the ingenious wheelhoe, a small contraption mounted on a wheel and pushed along like a plow. You can even use the common regular garden hoe. The important thing is to stir and till the soil, just as gardeners have done since the beginning of time.

This first early cultivation of the soil is of greatest importance, not only for the stimulation it gives the plants, but also the millions, of weeds it will destroy. The earth is full of weed seeds, all waiting and ready to begin to grow, and these interlopers often sprout even before the vegetable seeds, for they are moist and ready to burst. We must catch them as soon as possible without disturbing the legitimate seeds. So this first stirring of the soil should be made just as soon as the row of seeds can be discerned, even though there are no weeds. Kill the pirate weeds even before they germinate by keeping the surface loose and well worked, and you will be saving yourself hours and hours of future hard weeding.

Hoeing makes the ground sweet and lets in air, so that roots are stimulated and crops are thus much sooner brought to maturity and perfection. And strange as it may seem, by keeping the surface open, loose, and porous, we prevent the parching effects of drought. We can do much to allay the effects of lack of moisture by constant cultivation. A well-tilled garden will show little effects of lack of moisture, while one which does not have cultivation will suffer badly, even though it has been fertilized more heavily.

THE ground which is constantly watered soon becomes packed and hard, unless the surface receives tilling or cultivating. And when it reaches this forbidding state then neither moisture nor air can reach down to the feeding roots.

"Frequent cultivation is of more importance than either moisture or fertilization," says one of the finest growers of prize roses in our state, and she proves her point by the fresh, abundant, and sparkling flower beds, and the wonderful flowers, fruits, and vegetables her garden produces.

This talented gardener cultivates after every watering and rainfall. Her vegetable rows are cultivated often and frequently, until the leaves are so large that they shade and protect the surface from the sun's rays, and thus the earth is kept from packing and becoming hard.

Tomatoes especially need plenty of stirring of the soil, in fact one can scarcely overdo tilling all vegetable crops. And by beginning early, and keeping the surface well-worked, the weeds can be almost completely conquered before they have a chance to grow. Only the few that lodge directly in the vegetable rows themselves, need be actually pulled up. Save yourself hours and hours of hard grueling weeding by keeping the surface in good tilth.

Yes, we must still observe that ancient command, given to Father Adam the first gardener, if we would have a garden of which we can be proud, and strange to say, when once we learn that this personal effort is required of us, we too respond to

this intimate contact with the good earth. And as our gardens put out rich growth and show signs of abundant, maturing crops, we achieve a peace, a serenity, and a sure contentment.

No matter what the crop, be it roses or cabbages, the gardenmaker who tends and ministers to his plants in this age-old fashion, receives a certain deep and abiding reward, a gain which is physical, spiritual, and mental, such as the casual gardener seldom knows.

SONG OF SPRING

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Today it's spring, and in my soul
I know God lives. Today I know,
I did not doubt when autumn winds
Swept bare my trees.
When sleeping winter's frost
Lay at my door, I kept my faith.
But when, today, spring's greening fingers
Touched my heart and beckoned me
To frolic in the pale new sun,
I longed to shout: "He lives,
I know He lives. I know. I know."
His smile has touched the tiny shoots
That struggle through the cool rich earth,
To stretch their yellow heads towards the sun,
And drink of green ambrosial strength.
His love has summoned every bluebird's song,
And turned the robin's merry note
To happiness and joy.
His tenderness has lingered in my apple tree
And wakened dormant buds to fragrant life.
His understanding cheer has called
The little children forth in happy glee
To drink the fresh spring air,
And toss their ropes, and play their games.
His goodness fills my soul.
I stand in silence, worshipfully still.
In spring, God seems so near.
And all within my little world is right.

Birthday Congratulations

THE members of the Relief Society extend their love and congratulations to Sister Lula Greene Richards who will celebrate her ninety-fourth birthday on April eighth. Sister Richards is unusually well and active for her years, and her remarkable memory recalls important events in the life of Utah for many decades.

She was called to assume the editorship of the *Woman's Exponent* when in her early twenties, and she faithfully performed this work until home ties prevented the continuance of her editorial duties in 1877, after serving for five years. Very recently the accomplishments of Sister Richards were recognized when she was selected by the Salt Lake City Council of Women to be one of the seven women elected to their Hall of Fame.

The *Magazine* is pleased to publish "For the Elect's Sake," one of her later poems.

"FOR THE ELECT'S SAKE"

Matthew, 24th Chapter, 22nd Verse

Lula Greene Richards

Oh hasten! ye hours and days yet to be
Ere from dark sin and sorrow our world shall be free.
The time seems now on by the Christ's words engraved,
When "Except days were shortened no flesh should be saved!"
We sense the time speeding, while near and afar
All the world seems convulsed with the spirit of war.
Bombardment lays cities and nations all waste,
The Designer of Evil works surely in haste.
Dealth, famine, disaster, exultingly reign,
With air, lands, and seas all surcharged with the slain.

"But for the Elect's sake"—the Savior spake on,
That the minds of His friends from despair might be drawn—
"Those days shall be shortened." Oh, promise divine!
Friends—friends, does "*Elect*" touch your conduct and mine?
If not, let's be steadfast that standard to reach
By constant improvement in actions and speech;
If we've possibly gained it, let's work none the less
Our part of the great world to brighten and bless,
That more of His children the Lord may protect
By "shortening days" for His blessed "*Elect*."

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

A VERY commendable movement has been started in Ferron, Emery Co., Utah, which might well spread to other parts of the country. So many of the inhabitants of Ferron have moved away to engage in war industries that sixty homes and orchards have been left vacant. Mrs. Amy Greenhalgh, a public-spirited citizen of that town, organized a club, "The Vacant Home Vanguard," among the boys. The city was divided into four sections, and each section placed under the charge of a group of boys to look after the vacant property and try to care for and protect the fruit trees. Mrs. Greenhalgh herself has now moved away, but is striving to interest other people in this very worthwhile movement, and is especially anxious for the mothers of the boys to encourage them in this fine undertaking. Don Hansen, 14, is the leader of the boys.

Louise Anderson, a WAAC, attended the famed Casablanca conference.

Princess Elizabeth of England, heir apparent to the throne, will be seventeen years old April 21.

The third daughter of Princess Juliana, heir apparent to the Dutch throne, is the first royal child to be born in North America. Canada welcomed the little princess.

So There, the book of charming children's poems by Mrs. Vilate Raile of Salt Lake City, is winning much acclaim. Children themselves suggested many of the subjects—a spider, duck, a bee folded in a hollyhock. The illustrations by Mildred Dickeman are also delightful.

LORD CHESTERFIELD, famous for conventional politeness, wrote to his son in 1748:

> Women are to be regarded only as children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining tattle and sometimes wit; but for solid reasoning good sense, I never in my life knew one that possessed it. A man of sense humors and flatters them, but he neither consults about, nor trusts them with serious matters. . . . They love to be dabbling in business, which, by the way, they always spoil.

That was in the day when all-powerful man patterned woman's design for living. We hope that Chesterfield's shade looked down upon Madame Chiang Kai-shek addressing Congress in Washington, and was duly apologetic. Flower of modern womanhood that has developed in a more liberal age, Madame Chiang displayed a logical and exquisitely cultivated mind, a statesmanlike attitude, and moving eloquence. After Japan's inhuman cruelty to China for five and one-half years, it was magnificently Christian of Madame Chiang to plead that future peace be without punishment for the conquered peoples.

EDITORIAL

Vol. 30 April 1943 No. 4

"Love One Another"

TODAY when the hearts of so many of the inhabitants of the earth are filled with hatred for their fellow men, and Satan is going to and fro seeking whom he may destroy, it is a time when we, as Latter-day Saints, should study and consider the sacrifice of the Savior, and through reading of Him and praying to the Father in His name, should fill our souls with love of Christ and thus continue and increase in our love for one another.

We are filled with wonder as we contemplate the words of the Savior during His last hours. It is a merciful part of the great eternal plan that the events of the future lie hidden from man, however in the case of the Savior, we know that while on this earth He was aware of the eternal plan and of His major role in it: first as it was formed in the pre-existence; then as to the part He was to fulfill in mortality as the Savior of the world; and last as to His reunion with the Father after passing from this earth and the glory and work that would be His with the Father. Yet His thoughts, words, and actions at the Last Supper and thereafter were all for the fulfilling of His mission, of glorifying the Father, and of strengthening and instructing His faithful disciples that the Gospel might be established after His death. His soul was filled with love for these faithful few.

In the introduction of John to the events of the Last Supper we read:

> Now before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.

What feelings Christ must have experienced at the Last Supper as He looked around the table! He was about to leave these most beloved apostles whom the Father had given Him out of the world. . . . He said unto them, "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." He washed the feet of the disciples, and after indicating that Judas would be the one to betray Him, He said to him, "That thou doest, do quickly. He (Judas) then . . . went immediately out: and it was night."

After Judas left, Jesus said:

> Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him . . . A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

In His final beautiful discourses and in the prayer of Christ unto His Father, again and again are two statements repeated: "That ye love one another," and "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

As Jesus, in his divinity, suffered in the Garden of Gethsemane for the sins of the world beyond the power of human endurance: "being in agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground," so he loved beyond human power. Although facing "an excruciating death upon the cross" and knowing that the time was fast approaching, still His final discourses to His faithful followers were solely concerned with their welfare following His death. He poured out His soul to the Father in their behalf and He warned and exhorted them as to their future course when He would be with them no more.

"He loved them unto the end." He knew that He would be betrayed; He knew Peter would thrice deny Him; He knew His disciples would sleep through His agony; He knew He would be deserted by some of them at the cross; He knew they would not accept the fact of His resurrection until it was proved to them; He knew all their failings and weaknesses—but "He loved them unto the end."

He loves all His disciples unto the end, in whatever dispensation they have lived. He loves us in this day who have embraced the fullness of the Gospel, in spite of our failings and weaknesses; but we must heed his "new commandment," as did the disciples of old, the commandment which has come down to us of this day, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

There is no place in the heart of a true Latter-day Saint for hatred. It is our duty, our responsibility, and our salvation, "to love one another as I have loved you."

—*M. C. S.*

New General Superintendency of the Deseret Sunday School Union

MILTON BENNION has been named by the First Presidency to succeed the late George D. Pyper as general superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union. He has chosen as his assistants: George R. Hill, first assistant general superintendent; A. Hamer Reiser, second assistant general superintendent; Wallace F. Bennett, treasurer; and Wendell J. Ashton, secretary. The membership of the new general board has not been announced as this *Magazine* goes to press.

All of the brethren in the new general superintendency have devoted years of faithful service to the Church, particularly serving in the Sunday School, and are especially qualified to carry forward the great work of this auxiliary which teaches the principles of the Gospel to both the young and old.

The Relief Society General Board extends its congratulations and best wishes to the new general officers of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

The Felt Recreation Center

Marie Fox Felt

BETWEEN State and Main Streets on East First South Street in Salt Lake City, Utah, especially when days are pleasant, one may see little children playing on the sidewalk or perhaps sitting on the steps of the entrance to a cheap hotel which is their home. There are other such places in downtown Salt Lake and many other such children, but to the hurrying crowds on the busy streets, that means little or nothing. But there is a story here, a challenging story, and these children need our interest, our attention, and our love. For a moment let us go behind the front door of this hotel and meet some of the children and their parents. Such a chance came to the writer one day in the following way:

The large door of the J. H. Felt Motor Supply Company at 60 Regent Street in Salt Lake City was pushed open wide. The truck rolled out on its way to serve the garage men and service station operators with auto supplies and accessories. The door remained open. It was the spring of 1938.

As I stood at the door, enjoying the first breath of spring air, two little boys walked up this narrow street. As they neared the door, David spoke.

"Hello."

"Hello" I said, returning the greeting. "And where do you boys live?"

They told me, and as the conversation continued I learned from these boys that they belonged to a gang to which only children up to ten might belong. And they had a hut. There men tacked wall paper up to make rooms, they hid their money in tin cans, and the girls cooked their dinner.

"Just where is this hut?" I asked.

"Oh, we can't tell. Only kids in our gang can know," they said.

The next day they were back again.

"I'm just as sorry as I can be that I am not ten years old," I said.

"Why?" they asked.

"Because if I were, perhaps you would let me belong to your gang."

"Oh, you can," said David. "Each year we make it higher. Next year kids up to twelve can belong."

"How many years before I may belong?" I asked.

"Oh, we will let you belong right now," they said.

Next day they agreed to let my husband and also our stockman join, and the gang headquarters were immediately transferred to the loading platform of the J. H. Felt Motor Supply Company. Each day, all summer long, whenever the trucks were not loading, the children played. In ages they ranged from two to twelve, in numbers from ten to fifteen at a time. Pencils, crayons, the backs of discarded letter papers, newspapers, crepe paper, sewing sets, games and packing boxes, together with healthy, active imaginations were combined to make pleasant and happy hours for these children. Puppet shows, vaudeville shows, reproductions of movies, in-

ORIGINAL GROUP OF CHILDREN WHO PLAYED AT J. H. FELT MOTOR SUPPLY COMPANY, 1938
Mrs. Marie Fox Felt standing at back

cluding their version of "Romeo and Juliet" were presented. Under guidance they were safe and the ugly side of life, too often the lot of such children to know, was partially replaced by happier things.

AS time went on, many people became interested in this little group. Each day for many months Miss Merle Corey brought two gallons of milk to our store for these children. It was dispensed to them in quart bottles, divided according to the number in a family. Milk, vegetables, and apples were also supplied to this group by Mr. Joseph Kirkwood and Miss Mary Kirkwood of American Fork, and brought to Salt Lake by Miss Corey. Games, clothing, etc., were furnished from time to time by Mr. and Mrs. C. Lamont Felt, Miss Rose Jones, Mrs. George H. Wallace and others. When traveling salesmen would call to sell merchandise to my husband, Joseph H. Felt, they also would make contributions to the happiness of this little group. Chief among these were Mr. Paul J. Buss of the Burrell Belting Company of Chicago. Upon one visit to Salt Lake he and his good wife bought quite a number of games and presented them to us for the children.

One Saturday afternoon early in the summer the group was taken to Hogle Zoo for an outing. None of

these children had ever been to the Zoo before. Each child was supplied with a bag of popcorn to feed the animals. Such a wonderful afternoon it was! After a ride to Fort Douglas and the State Capitol, the outing was concluded by a trip to an ice cream parlor as guests of Mr. C. Lamont Felt.

Throughout the hot summer days these children played in the space where the trucks were parked when not in use. The numbers grew constantly. Each new little child who moved into this hotel was immediately brought to meet me and be introduced to the playthings available. A workbench provided the table upon which to draw, and wooden packing boxes were the chairs upon which the children sat. In order to avoid controversy each child had a box of his own upon which his name was printed. That was his chair whenever he wished to claim it. We all enjoyed that summer.

I thought that when school started our summer play school would end, but not so. The children came to see me on their way to school; they called in at noon as they went home for lunch; and again as they went back to school after lunch. From about 3:45 until 5:30 our store was filled with children: drawing, putting on shows and programs, playing with plasticine and printing presses, etc. We had more children than at any previous time.

ONE day someone announced that Bob had moved into the hotel and that he was so mean that everybody hated him. He was sort of a bully, teasing at every turn.

"If you let him come over here to play, we can't come any more," the children confided to me.

"Why not invite Bob to come to our club?" I asked. "If we keep him busy doing good things and having a good time, he won't have time to be mean to you and tease you."

The children just gasped. They knew if they did they wouldn't be able to come themselves.

I then said, "Well, talk it over with your parents. Ask them if they don't think it best to have Bob come here where we can keep him busy doing good things rather than to keep him outside ready to do mean things to you when you come out."

Days passed by. One evening just as I was about to go home from work, Don and Johnny came dashing in, calling, "Mrs. Felt, Mrs. Felt, guess what?"

Of course I wondered what on earth had happened. They said that they had been talking to Bob about clubs and gangs and had told Bob that they belonged to one.

"Which one do you belong to?" Bob had asked.

"To Mrs. Felt's gang" replied Don.

"Why don't you let me belong?"

"Because" answered Don, "If you belong to Mrs. Felt's gang you will have to be good."

Well, Bob promised to be good, and the next day he came to play with the other children. He was just as pleasant and grand as a little boy could be, and proved to be quite a leader. One day I asked him if he liked to belong to our club and he replied, "Darn tootin'."

BY this time the group of children had grown to such numbers that I decided I must either assume a full-

CHILDREN AT SAND TABLE
Felt Recreation Center, 1940

time job with them and resign as the bookkeeper of the J. H. Felt Motor Supply Company, or make arrangements with some one to care for them. Their homes or hotel rooms were so small, so poorly furnished, and so unattractive, that I felt I could not send them back there. There must be a way out, I decided.

One day representatives of the W.P.A. Nursery School and Parent Education movement called at the store to see me. I spoke to them about this opportunity for the W.P.A. to perform a marvelous bit of service. Right in the heart of town, according to statistics, was the hot spot for juvenile crime and delinquency. Too much leisure time in a poor environment with poor surroundings encouraged children to engage in the first acts which lead to trouble. My callers were greatly impressed with the urgent need for action. They talked with the leaders in charge of the W.P.A. recreation program. One of their number was sent to investigate the matter. After a thorough investigation he considered the project one of great merit. He conferred with Miss Jessie Schofield, at that time superintendent of Salt Lake City's recreation program, with whom the W.P.A. co-operated on all projects within the confines of Salt Lake City. She likewise made an investigation and voiced her hearty approval.

The next problem was to find a place in which to meet. Funds were

low and no one seemed to be able to obtain sufficient money with which to rent a building. After some time, permission was granted by Mayor John M. Wallace and Wallace F. Bennett, representing their corporation, to use the rear of the building upstairs at 68 Regent Street, rent free, if the city would pay for the light and heat. In addition to this, these men provided $100.00 for the buying of necessities to fix up the building. With this money and some provided by the Salt Lake City Recreation Department, W.P.A. labor cleaned, calcimined, and painted the interior of the building.

ON March 9, 1939 the Center was opened and officially christened the Felt Recreation Center.

A few days previous to this time, when the invitations were being sent out to the parents and children, Bob asked if he might take one to Judge Rulon Clark of the Juvenile Court, Mr. Clegg, and others. (Bob was a ward of the Juvenile Court.) As a result of these invitations the Judge and four of the men who worked in that department came.

On the opening night at 7:30 crowds filled the hall. Miss Jessie Schofield was master of ceremonies. A very interesting and varied program was presented. There were about 200 who attended on that opening night. Representatives from the City, the Kiwanis Club, the W.P.A., the Women's Clubs, Church groups and Mr. Wallace Bennett as landlord of the building, were present. Refreshments were served through the courtesy of the Kiwanis Club.

During the next year the crowds increased. The age of the children attending went gradually upward. The activities became many and varied to interest those of all ages. There was also a play school for the little children under school age. After school, activities were provided for children from six to eighteen. A handcraft department was added for the benefit and interest of the mothers.

ONE year later, March 1940, it became necessary for the Center to move a second time. There were far too many children attending regularly to accommodate them adequately. Through the courtesy of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints we moved into the building at 60 South 2nd East. This was provided to us rent free, with the City paying the light, heat, and janitorial service. Gymnasium facilities were provided in addition to all of the activities that had been a regular part of the program previously. A dance was held for the teen-age boys and girls each Friday evening. Often as many as two hundred and fifty young people between the ages of fourteen and eighteen attended. There was no admission charge. Good behavior was the only requirement. While at this location our enrollment reached the seven hundredth mark.

In May 1941, it was necessary for us to move again. The Government needed more room for regional offices and wanted our quarters in addition to those they were occupying next door to us. We all felt that we must now find permanent quarters. The project had grown to the point where we felt that it was worthy of consideration by the City. Conse-

quently the efforts of the City Recreation Department, the Kiwanis Club, and the Felt Advisory Council were pooled to accomplish this. After much work on the part of this group, the City Commission voted to purchase the old Masonic Temple located on the corner of First South and Second East in Salt Lake City. With it came property 165 feet by 165 feet, thus providing space for an outdoor playground, a luxury which had not been ours up to this time.

We were just beginning to get settled in this new home of ours when World War II broke out. Our boys in the service had to be taken care of, and quarters for the U.S.O. became a vital necessity. Because our building was so large and so well-fitted for the program needed for our soldier boys, we were asked once more to step aside and to find other quarters for the duration of the war. This we did after being assured by the City Commission that this building and property would be returned to the City Recreation Department for the use and benefit of these downtown children after the war was over. An order to this effect appears on the City's books in the Recorder's Office.

AT present, the Felt Recreation Center is located at 151 South State Street in Salt Lake City. This place has been leased for the Center by the City Commission for its use during the war, until such a time as it may return to the building originally purchased for it. Due to the size of the building, the program is a curtailed one. Only children of school age can be accommodated. In these war times we are glad to have such a beautiful and comfortable place, even though it is too small for our needs. Another thing for which we are very glad is the quality of leadership provided here for the boys and girls by the Salt Lake City Corporation. Under their leadership, the boys and girls enrolled at the Center have set up self-governing organizations. They have their own officers and councils. They set up their own standards of behavior and plan their own activities. Each month they pay dues of 5c each. For those who may not have the money, provision is made whereby they may perform a service in lieu of it. Limited gymnasium facilities are provided, also table tennis, quiet games, handcraft, woodwork, books and magazines for reading, art instruction, sewing, vocal and instrumental music opportunities, dancing, golf instruction, archery, clay modeling, and assistance with the hobbies of those who attend. All in all it is a busy and an interesting place. Those who come are made most welcome.

As to whether or not the Center has accomplished the good for which it was organized, we can only say that according to Judge Rulon Clark of the Juvenile Court, this Center has done more to assist his department in the overcoming and prevention of crime than any other single endeavor that has come to his notice. Our goal is far from reached, but we believe that with the generous interest and support of all those who are working for the welfare of youth, there will come a time when juvenile delinquency will be a rarity.

Mother Takes A Holiday

(AS EVERY MOTHER SHOULD)

Virginia Drew

"PLEASE, Heavenly Father, help Mother not to be so tired tomorrow," prayed eight-year-old Jon.

How did this little son of mine know that I was tired? Because I was cross so much of the time?

I decided that I needed a vacation . . . alone . . . away from my family. But how could I think of a vacation now, with the children in school? The thought bothered me all evening. Why not now? This would be the best time to leave the family, while the children were in school all day and would have little time to get into mischief. Why of course I could go!

* * *

At first it was glorious to lie in bed until I really wanted to get up. An uninterrupted bath was something I had dreamed about, but I found it really could happen. Now I had time for all the little personal luxuries every woman loves. I spent hours window shopping, something I never had time for at home. It was all like a dream and I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it.

MOST mothers are foolish enough to believe that their children cannot get along without them. They can, if they have been taught to do a few things for themselves; and if they haven't, it is time mother took a vacation to find out where she has made her mistakes. Children will soon learn to do many things for themselves when mother is not there to do the work.

Mothers occasionally need new vistas . . . a new outlook on life. Without it they become like an old shoe, all run-down at the heel and a little sloppy. It is surprising how bright and new the comfortable old shoe can be made with just a little rest, and with new paths to tread for a few days.

A week after I had left home a letter came from ten-year-old Jean. "I hope you will be home soon, Mother Dear. There are so many problems and I need your advice about them," read the letter in her careful handwriting.

I longed to rush out and take the first plane home, but I realized that this little daughter of mine had learned a lesson many children never learn. If I stayed a little longer, perhaps it would prove to be a lesson she would never forget. That one expression of trust from one of my children made the trip more than worth while.

The old saying about not missing the water till the well is dry, fits the case perfectly. Since our job as mothers is such a constant one, it sometimes becomes monotonous and trying. We are there so constantly that both the mother and the family fail to appreciate each other until they are separated for a short time.

PERHAPS the greatest good that we mothers can gain from a holiday is the discovery that without all these tasks, our lives are quite empty. Our need for a vacation does not mean that we are tired of our job, but that the monotony of it has dulled the romance of wifehood and motherhood. All we need is a restful change. We have stayed so close to the lovely picture that we have failed to see all its beauty. We need occasionally to move a short distance away to appreciate its full significance.

While walking one day, I passed a trim white cottage that reminded me of my own home. I paused as I heard the sweet, deep voice of a happy woman singing as she worked. The melody and the words made me stop short . . . "Goin' home, Goin' home, I'm a-goin' home."

I wanted to go home. I had seen the ocean, twinkling night-skylines, beauty and splendor, enough to last me for quite a while. My hands had become soft and white, such hands as the advertisements suggest are necessary for enduring romance. I was rested through and through. My mind and body ached for physical work. I longed to slip my hand down in a sock with a not-too-large hole that needed darning. I wanted to wash and iron, and scrub a kitchen floor while I sang. I realized that for nine whole days I had not raised my voice to sing. I had had my holiday and it had been fun while it lasted. It was over now, and I wanted to go home.

The family did not expect me home for several days. I realized that perhaps I was foolish to drop in on them without warning. There would be things they would want to do to make my homecoming all that they had planned. But I wanted to go home and surprise them.

It was I who was surprised!

THE whole family was busily preparing dinner. Inside and out the house was as clean and tidy as the proverbial pin. There was no need to warn them of my coming. I knew without being told that they had taken pride in keeping home like this all the time I had been gone.

There were braids where I had left curls, but braids are neater anyway. These children of mine were self-reliant. All they needed was a chance to demonstrate it.

After joyous greetings were over, one of the first things said was, "Oh, Mother, we had no idea how much fun Daddy is. He knows more funny stories, and he did so many interesting things with us."

My holiday had given these children a new father, one they scarcely knew before. He hadn't liked the idea of the vacation alone, but it had proved to be a great experience in his life also. It had given him a real opportunity to get acquainted with his children.

That night as I lay in my own comfortable bed, I fully realized for the first time what John Howard Payne meant when he wrote, "There's no place like home." I knew then that every mother needs to get away by herself once in a while to fully appreciate the significance of those immortal lines:

Unemployed Clothing Called Into Service

Leda T. Jensen
Member of Relief Society General Board

REMODELING means to model again or to rearrange.

To the woman trained to "waste not want not," who is skillful with her fingers and the tools of sewing, the word remodeling is a fascinating one, setting up in her mind all sorts of ideas for the creating of useful and lovely articles of wearing apparel from used material which would otherwise be often wasted.

To all too many women the word has little or no meaning, and only calls to mind an undesirable problem in which she has and wants no part.

The whole world is at war. No one can say when peace will be established again, nor what the conditions will be when the clouds of war have cleared away. We are, however, becoming increasingly mindful of the fact that the problems of the present conflict are touching our lives more and more, disrupting our living routine, and our method of doing things. We hear on all sides the words conservation, salvaging, saving. The home is called the second front, and women in the home are urged to accept the challenge to do their part in various ways to help win the war.

Because commodities of all kinds are flowing into army camps and being sent to battlefronts and the United Nations in all part of he world, consumers are finding their purchasing of goods of all kinds greatly limited.

Clothing the family is a problem vital to the war effort. Textiles are weapons of war. The requirements of our armed forces for textiles and clothing affects every family in the United States.

Even before Pearl Harbor, national production managers and economists of our country foresaw what might happen to the things we buy, and the Government began a National War on Waste. The highlight of Civilian Defense Week November 11th to 16th, 1941, was the signing of the Consumer's Pledge by millions of Americans. Mrs. Roosevelt and the White House housekeeper signed the first pledge which read:

> As a consumer in the total defense of democracy, I will do my part to make my home, my community, my country, ready, efficient, and strong.
>
> I will buy carefully.
>
> I will take good care of the things I have.
>
> I will waste nothing.

The Consumer's Pledge as it relates to clothing means to waste nothing, to take care of every bit of fabric in the home, and to buy carefully.

WOMEN all over the country have accepted this challenge as a patriotic duty. There is more money in circulation today, but the patriotic citizen spends his money first for taxes, debts, and bonds, and almost last for extra clothing in order to release more textiles and clothing for direct war needs.

"To release materials, machines, men, and money for war operations, civilians must cut their clothing requirements to the core, basing them on needs, not wants. It is important to civilian morale that this situation be met intelligently and cheerfully." If we do not meet the problem voluntarily, rationing will force us to do so. "This year of 1943 should be a year of conservation—stain removal, moth control, mending, alteration of patterns, fitting, remodeling old clothes, and making new ones."

War, with its extra calls for sewing and mending, always gives impetus to needlework. Sewing for the Red Cross to help care for the wounded on the battlefield and in the hospitals, as well as to clothe refugees in Europe and China, started a revival of home sewing throughout the country even before the United States declared war on the Axis. Since Pearl Harbor the need has come closer home, and women are meeting the challenge to conserve for the war effort. The sale of yardage goods throughout the nation has increased from 40 to 50 per cent over the sales during the same period in former years, and the sale of patterns has almost kept pace.

There is a growing desire on the part of many women to acquire the ability to wield a needle. Higher living costs are making many women who have been accustomed to buy their clothing ready-made, turn to home sewing as a means of getting the quality they want for the price they can pay.

The rationing of tires and gasoline, the extreme difficulty in procuring maid service for the home, and the ever-growing list of rationed foods and household articles will result in many women, particularly women with dependent young children, remaining in their homes more than they did before the war.

Art and needlework instructors in department stores report that more women are interested in handwork at the present time than for many years. This is probably due to one or both of two reasons: (1) the desire to assist the war effort by knitting and sewing for the Red Cross; and (2) the desire to find an outlet for emotional and mental strain. Since women are turning to the satisfactions derived from working with their hands, it is well for those women with children or small friends and relatives, to turn part of their desire for handwork into utilizing outmoded wearing apparel for their clothing needs.

IT is sometimes difficult to find time for sewing, mending, and renovating, but time should be taken for all of these. Attics and storage places should be searched for all "unemployed" garments that may be put into service. It is wise to bring outmoded garments into use to conserve clothing, to save money, and to utilize materials which are better than those to be purchased now.

The present regulations for price control are not tied to specific standards of quality. A ceiling price as of a certain date carries with it no sure guarantee that the quality is the same as that of a former date. Reduction of serviceability without a consequent reduction in price is contrary to the spirit of the regulation, but enforcement of such a principle in the complex field of clothing is exceedingly difficult. Numerous complaints are coming from consumers to the effect that though they pay higher prices for wearing apparel, they have no assurance as to its wearing qualities, laundering, or cleaning possibilities. Because of this, it may be wise for a consumer to use material she has on hand that has proved to be good and wait for something more to be done in the way of labeling to reveal the fiber content, method, and kind of dye used, cleaning possibilities, etc., of any new materials she buys.

"Ready-made articles of clothing will rise more in price than yard goods. Increasing clothing costs can be met by home sewing, particularly in the field of remodeling."

When one sets out to remodel an article, the material or fabric is already at hand. Often the only outlay of money will be for a spool of thread and a pattern. Some findings for remodeled garments need cost no money. It takes only a little while to make a collection of buckles, buttons, zippers, snap fasteners, and hooks and eyes from worn-out garments. If these are sorted and kept in separate cans or boxes, they will be readily accessible when needed for use on remodeled garments or even on new ones.

MOST remodeling has to do with the making of children's clothing from adults'. The reason for this is obvious. Often it isn't possible to change the style of a garment for an adult by making over a used one, unless the older material is combined with new material in some way. Worn spots are difficult to manage, and it isn't wise to spend time on something that won't look smart when it is finished; so the majority of remodeling problems has to do with making smaller garments out of larger ones so as to avoid using worn edges, the thin places on the elbows of sleeves, the seats of trousers, etc.

The possibilities of this process are many and varied: children's coats from adults' coats; boys' trousers from men's; snowsuits and sport coats from overcoats; young girls' and misses' suits from older brother's and fathers' suits; small girls' slips, bloomers, aprons, and pinafores from the backs, upper sleeves, and tails of men's shirts; and little boys' shirts from fathers'. Men's shirts are made of much better material than boys' ready-made shirts or the yardage that can be purchased for them, and often the buttonholes and buttons on a shirt can be utilized as they are.

At no time in the life of a girl is it as important for her to be well-dressed as during adolescence. Good looking accessories for the adolescent girl such as belts, collars, suit fronts, vests, and jerkins may be made from material already on hand, and will do much to satisfy her desire for frequent changes in her apparel.

Most small children have no aversion to remodeled clothing. Often a mother's ability to use outmoded or

partially worn garments means the difference between her child looking neat and well-clothed, or poor and shabby. It is when a seam has been taken in, the sleeves or skirt shortened, or some other alteration made to make a too large garment fit a smaller child without regard for line or correct proportions, that a garment looks made-over and dowdy.

If one plans to make over old garments, in order to obtain the best results, the garments should first be entirely picked apart, and thoroughly cleaned by washing or dry cleaning. Then one should cut and sew as if new material were being used and the results will then be satisfactory.

Often one finds that more problems present themselves when cutting small articles from pieces of fabric than when cutting them from a continuous length, especially when a commercial pattern with an illustrated layout is used. A few devices will help to overcome such difficulties. Frequently a yoke across the back or front of the waist, a patch pocket to cover a worn spot or the place where a slit pocket has been, cuffs where no cuffs are designed in the pattern, a seam not called for at the waist which can be hidden by a belt, or a pleat to hide a piecing in a skirt will help.

MANY mothers will agree that these suggestions sound fine but will confess that they don't know how to sew. To many women today needlework or sewing of any kind is a lost art, something that passed into oblivion with the coming of the industrial age and mass production; but an extension clothing specialist in Indiana wrote in an article in the *Journal of Home Economics*, "Indiana homemakers, who had almost forgotten the pleasure and satisfaction of sewing for the family, have brought out their sewing machines, and dusted and oiled them ready for work. Those who have never sewed before are enthusiastic over their first attempts.

"A swing back to home sewing is, to be sure, a wartime necessity, but it is a perennial satisfaction to those who have really mastered the art."

If a person is interested in any program, she can learn, with conscientious effort, to take part in the program, and reversely, if a person wishes to build up interest in any problem she must enter into the solving of the problem. One is never too old to gain new knowledge nor acquire new skills.

MANY methods may be worked out to enable one to learn to sew, if this important ability hasn't been developed. Of course the easiest method is to enroll in high school, college, or special sewing school classes, or in a civic organization that has set up a sewing class. If it is not possible to do this, a group of women might obtain the services, over a given period of time, of a high school or college teacher. If enough mothers became interested, the Relief Society would be happy to provide instruction as part of its work-and-business day program. An individual plan might be worked out to help a neighbor or friend with problems in her home for the help she might give in problems of sewing. Sewing clubs could be organized to meet in one another's homes, or in some public room. Almost

anyone who is adept at sewing will be willing to help others if the time and place can be arranged. "Where there's a will there's a way," and people who really wish assistance, can find some way to obtain help from those who can give it.

Don't agree with the defeatist who says that women won't do anything about conservation, that there is too much money on hand, and that too many clothes are available. Rather stop and consider—Have I given myself a real chance to know what needs to be done, why it needs to be done, and how it can be done?

"It has been said many times by those who take the long view and who are seeing beyond the present emergency, that in these United States of America we face today a new way of life. It is a way of life in which we shall have to be useful both to ourselves and to our community, if we are to gain real satisfaction."

Who knows but that our efforts to do our part in conservation for the war effort will equip us to live more satisfactorily and efficiently no matter what conditions prevail when peace is again established? Let us see to it that whatever our part may be in the fight for democracy, we do it well.

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MY MOTHER'S HANDS

Ethel VanHook Hopper

You call your hands "an awful sight,"
"So hard and brown; they're never white."
But mother, dear, you are not right.

For to my eyes your hands are fair
And beautiful beyond compare,
They show your love, your tender care.

Oh, may my hands give back to you
Some service that I know is due
To show my gratitude is true!

MAKING OVER

Della Adams Leitner

I've been busy making over
For my little son today
An old suit, and in the making
Joy has come to bless my way.
Turned and cut and stitched I view it,
Glad that I could make it so,
And these thoughts it brings to cheer me,
As creative power I know.

God is always making over
All that's worn and cast away,
All that's seeming base and useless,
All that men pronounce decay.
Making over by His sunshine,
Making over by His rain,
Making over in the darkness
Where His eye can see so plain,
Making over into brightness,
Making over into grace,
Into loveliness and beauty
That transform the meanest place.

Soul of mine, thy sins so many,
Thy mistakes so full of pain,
God can take them, He can use them,
Make them over into gain.
By Thy sorrow, by Thy counsel,
Thou canst humbly point the way,
Show the tender youth the pitfalls,
Point them to the better way.
Trust to God the unknown future,
Leave to Him the darkened past.
By His power of making over
You shall rise, transformed at last.

AMERICAN HUSBAND

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Now he was back, and she could have her say;
Too many times he'd treated her that way.
Man-like, he'd gone to see a softball game,
Though there were twenty chores that she could name
That needed doing round the house and yard.
The earth about the shrubs was packed too hard
For woman hands to loosen, and the grass
On all three lawns was just a tangled mass.
No use to try to tell him, for he read
The news and didn't hear a word she said,
Or else he listened to the radio.
How he could stand the noise, she didn't know;
But if she went to tell him what she thought,
She'd find him soundly sleeping, like as not,
She'd turn that racket off. This time he'd hear.
So she went rushing in—but a quick fear
Caught at her hair and twisted in a chill
All down her back. He sat there, slumped and still,
With no more movement in him than a rock;
And she stood, racked and empty with the shock,
And all her angry words congealed in her.
Quickly she reached out for his wrist. A stir,
A rasping snore, and breathing was resumed.
Blessed life! It was not what she'd assumed.
And with returning rhythm, calm and deep,
Her fear thinned, and she stood and watched him sleep.
In every sagging muscle, pale but sure,
Fatigue had stamped a lasting signature.

It struck her with the suddenness of breath,
Some day she might stand face to face with death.
Then she could see, like stones upon him there,
The separate weights of all he had to bear—
Not only money cares that daily drew
A wall around him as the children grew,
But fine intangibles she could not name
Like *loyalty* and *faith*, which stayed the same
Whether their lives ran smooth as grass or rough
As shag. His side of life showed plain enough
So she felt shamed and knew her grumbling mean.
A man must have some letup from routine.
What canon gave her right to criticize?
She dabbed an apron corner at her eyes.
Affection rose and smothered out her fear,
And even his faults seemed rare and strangely dear.

Home Entertainment

Nellie O. Parker
Member of Relief Society General Board

ONE day a kindergarten teacher took her children for a walk. When the children's enthusiasm began to wane they complained of being tired, too tired to walk any more. She was confronted with the problem of getting them back to their schoolroom, so she purchased a box of animal crackers from a nearby grocery store and gave each child an animal to ride on. Instantly there was a rejuvenation of spirits and the children went galloping back in high glee.

The teacher wisely harnessed their play instinct and their love for make-believe. She changed their attitude, making it fun to ride home on their imaginary steeds.

The play way of teaching or leading children is an effective, easy way to get results. When the cultivation of the play spirit is neglected or ignored in home or family life, some of the most vital forces are lost that would cement the family circle and bring about a joyous, enriched living.

Everyone needs recreation. President Brigham Young said, "Recreation and diversion are as necessary to our well-being as the more serious pursuits of life."

Youth seeks self-expression for his store of energy, and from his activities his character is built. Following natural urges in his play, the child gains ability to do things—to express himself, to master himself, and to adjust socially. If his play is wisely directed he learns to co-operate, to be unselfish, to be honest and fair, to lose graciously as well as win. He gets training in being alert, observant, and resourceful. He gets opportunity to use his initiative, to try his wings. And best of all, he has fun while doing it.

ADULTS need relaxation and change so that a recharging of powers, a regeneration of spirit may take place. A playful attitude of mind must be acquired to gain this relaxation. "As long as a man can retain his play incentive he will retain his sense of humor, and happiness will prevail more easily in his heart."

With war restrictions keeping people home, a new interest is being awakened in home entertainment. We are finding that much can be gained by playing together at home. Parents can learn a great deal about their children by playing with them. They should set a good pattern of unselfish leadership and allow children opportunity for leadership.

Many books and magazines are giving helpful suggestions for planning fun for the family, fun without money, giving lists of games and other activities which can be adapted to any home and its different age groups.

The Latter-day Saints have always emphasized the importance of the home and the potency of its influence in building capable, upright men and women. The leaders, from the Prophet Joseph Smith on, have

stressed the value gained from the family working and playing together. A "home night" has long been recommended and has become an institution in many families. A little book *Recreation in the Home* recently published by the auxiliary organizations of the Church (which sells for the very nominal sum of 25 cents), will be found very helpful in assisting parents to plan for the various occasions that arise: birthdays, weddings, holidays, neighborly get-to-gethers, honor days (when some member of the family has achieved success or recognition,) etc.

PARENTS should take advantage of every opportunity to celebrate these occasions. It will add a zest and a buoyancy to living that all members will enjoy and always remember. It need not add a strain on the family budget, and will repay bounteously for the trouble taken. A festive atmosphere can be added to the regular dinner by putting candles and some unique decoration on the table, by preparing the usual food in fancy ways, and by serving it in the family's prettiest dishes. The party attitude is the important thing. Let the imagination come to the fore and plan original things, allowing the children to participate in the planning and preparation. Dress up and glorify common things, tint or whiten weeds, put faces on cookies, make turtles out of large raisins using cloves for the head and feet, make funny men out of apples, potatoes, prunes, etc. (see pages 60-63, *Home Recreation*). Plan surprises often. Make mealtime a happy time, especially when all the family are together and have time to relax. Play games at the table. One could pretend that he is a distinguished guest or someone well-known to all. He might be President Roosevelt, Eddie Rickenbacker, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Aunt Grace, or Cousin Stan, who is an ensign in the navy. By his actions and conversation the family guesses who each one is representing. All enter into the play of entertaining the guest. Another game in which smaller children can participate is guessing the object in the room of which the leader is thinking. Questions are asked and the one who guesses correctly first, then becomes the leader.

Bible characters may be used for a guessing game. One persons says, "I am thinking of a man in the Bible whose name begins with 'J' ". The others ask questions until they find out who he is. New games may be invented and old ones adapted.

The family who will play like this while eating will have little trouble getting Michael to eat his vegetables or Jane to drink her milk. A timid child will unconsciously enter into the game.

THERE are numerous games suitable for different occasions, and for the places in which they are to be played whether it be the living room, amusement room, or out of doors.

For adults and older children who read and write, there are pencil and paper games which may be played at the table after the meal is finished, or in the living room, such as *Consequences*: One player writes on a piece of paper a man's name and then folds the paper so as to hide what has been written; the next

writes a woman's name; the next what he did; another, what she did; then what he said; and then what she said; and finally the consequences; each phrase is written by a different player. A reading of the entire list affords much amusement.

Another game is titled *Dictionary*: A long word is written at the top of paper, such as "metropolitan," then each player tries to compile the longest list of words using only the letters contained in the word, "metropolitan." Words containing many of the vowels are the most successful ones to use for this game.

Bible and other quizzes will be interesting as well as instructive. (Page 73, *Home Recreation*)

Some games not too strenuous to be played in the living room and which people of all ages can enjoy are: Stake Coach, Magic Music, How Do You Like Your Neighbor, Fruit Basket, etc. Young children love to play such games with their elders.

For children's parties the old standbys: Blind Man's Buff, Drop the Handkerchief, Musical Chairs, Poison, etc., are always enjoyed.

Games suitable for the out of doors (or rumpus room) include: Last Couple Out, and Hide and Seek. Croquet is an excellent lawn game for the family. It combines skill with courtesy and fair play. A horseshoe-pitching court may utilize the space between cement strips of driveway if no other space is available. A backyard fireplace can be the center for family or children groups to gather for weiner roasts, games, and story-telling.

From the time the baby starts to coo, mother can begin little singing and action games such as "This Little Pig Goes To Market," played with his toes, and finger games, such as "Here's A Ball For Baby," and "Thumbkin Says I'll Dance." She can tell the toddler the story of "The Little Red Hen and The Kernel of Wheat" while she is making bread; the story of "The Gingerbread Boy" when making cookies, or "Little Tom Thumb" while she is stirring up a cake or pudding. You remember Tom was sitting on the edge of the bowl while his mother was making a pudding. He fell in when his mother wasn't looking and she stirred him into the batter and put the pudding on to boil, and that was the beginning of his adventures. Children love these and similar stories and will ask for them again and again.

THERE are many stories which will help parents to teach lessons in unselfishness, forgiveness, fortitude, etc. Care should be taken, though, not to spoil a story by moralizing, as children will grasp the message if it is well told.

Reading, as well as storytelling is delightful entertainment for all members of the family. Each of the older ones can take a turn in being the reader. Bible stories should be included among the "musts."

It is well to cater to the family's interests in the type of entertainment planned, but a balanced diversified program should be offered. Dramatizing stories and events, playing charades and pantomimes and doing some dancing to the radio

or phonograph, if home musicians are not available, will all be enjoyed for a change.

If the family is musical, much real satisfaction will be gained in singing or playing together. All families should sing even though they are not naturally endowed with fine voices. A singing family is a happy one. There is no better way to keep the home fires burning. Singing refuels the morale of the family or a nation.

Handicraft of various types suited to individual inclinations should be encouraged, such as woodwork, metal work, scissor pictures, whittling, modeling, painting, weaving, needle work, etc. Each child should be lead to find the activity in which he receives greatest satisfaction. Everyone should be able to do something well, to create with his hands. There can be projects in woodwork, gardening, quilting, and rugmaking, etc., which, if carried on in the spirit of play, will not only make additions to the resources of the home, and increase the skill of family fingers, but also deepen and enrich a happy purposeful living.

At least once each week the family should have a date to have fun together.

Letter from a Service Man

The following excerpts taken from a letter written to his parents by a member of the Church serving in the Navy is typical of the letters coming from our Latter-day Saint boys serving throughout the world in the armed forces of our nation:

I am a Latter-day Saint. I have made that statement many times before in many different ways. Sometimes I have said it defiantly, expecting in return some smart crack or piece of vulgar wit; sometimes proudly, as when reading of the courage and faith of the great men of the Church; and sometimes casually, as when answering questions for statistical purposes. But never have I made that statement with the same feeling as I do today.

Today I have a testimony of the power of the Lord, a testimony of the authority of the Church and its restoration. . . .

Today, when I say I am a Latter-day Saint, it is with the feeling of pride, a feeling of defiance, and a feeling of humbleness. A feeling of thankfulness that the Lord has favored me by allowing me to be born to parents who are members of the Church. Dad, this isn't the conventional way to start a letter, but I was fired with the necessity of getting the above discourse off my chest, and you are the victim. It is rather poorly told, a masterpiece of understatement, for on the surface it is rather simple; but I am afraid there are no words to describe what I have in mind, and this is the best I can do.—*Wendell Call*

Halfway is not Enough

Vaunee T. Larson

THIS is our street, Betty," Glen Williams informed his wife as he turned their car from Main onto Vine Maple. "And our house for the next few months, or at least as long as I'm a special agent for Uncle Sam, is the last one down."

The car crept along that Betty might see the surroundings of their new home. "A little white cottage covered with roses," Betty said dreamily. "What a dear little place." She glanced eagerly about her. "And how friendly all the houses look on this street." She and Glen had been married only a few months and to move into a distant strange community was an exciting experience for her. "I don't think I'll mind being so far from Utah after all. Now tell me who lives in each one."

"That I don't know, Dear."

"Glen Williams, you mean you've lived here two whole weeks and don't know the names of any of our neighbors?" Betty demanded incredulously.

"Well, Honey, I spent the first day finding this place, and after that my time's been taken up with my work and writing letters to my lovely wife telling her how much I missed her," Glen replied easily. "Besides, who am I that the neighborhood ladies should be trooping over to call on me?"

"You're just about the nicest husband in the whole world and I think the neighborhood ladies made a great mistake in not visiting you firsthand and finding that out," Betty said impudently.

"I'll wager you'll soon be acquainted with all of them," Glen said, "and then you can tell me all the news."

Before Glen turned off the motor Betty was out of the car and bounding up the walk as happy as a youngster. Inside she observed instantly that with the addition of the few vases and pictures which she had thoughtfully packed, this "furnished" house would be as livable and lovable a home as any they could desire.

She whisked an apron from her traveling bag and began to prepare a tasty dinner for her husband, singing merrily the whole time. Maybe the neighbor ladies had slighted her husband by not offering him a fresh piece of pie, or a piece of cake, or some cookies, but she would soon remedy that she mused, as she thought of all his favorite dishes. She was a "born" cook just like her mother. As she prepared a fruit salad, she thought of the delicacies she had seen her mother make and distribute to the sick, or needy, or to strangers. On the few occasions when there had been sickness in her family always some of the good sisters had brought in food, or come in to do the work. These same women had been the first to welcome the strangers moving in, so that they had invariably exclaimed. "Why this is the friendliest place we've ever lived."

BETTY was a fast worker and within a few days the little house was wearing freshly laundered curtains over its sparkling glass panes. She had scrubbed it from the basement to the tiny attic. Glen had protested all her work on it, but she had said, "Oh, there's nothing like cleaning a house to really make it one's own. Besides, when the neighborhood ladies come to call I want to have everything spick and span. Seems as if they should be coming to see me soon," she added thoughtfully.

"I wouldn't worry about it, Betty. Don't you imagine they've seen you cleaning and wished to wait until you were all through?"

"Yes, of course, that's why," Betty said.

However, the days lengthened into a week and the weeks into almost a month and still no callers came. Betty's spirit drooped and she lost some of her zest for her new home. Not in the evenings. With Glen at home they were perfect. They worked in their Victory Garden, or they sat and talked or read, or listened to an especially nice musical program on the radio. It was the daytime hours that were so interminably long with Glen gone from eight in the morning until six at night. Sometimes in the daytime she was so overcome with loneliness and homesickness it was difficult to restrain her tears. She doubted if Glen would understand her feeling as he had been a missionary in a foreign land and had early developed a self-sustaining spirit which she had always admired, so she said nothing to him. After she gave way to such feelings of loneliness, she mentally lashed herself for seeming to lack a pioneer spirit. Goodness, what if she really had hardships to bear such as countless women in this war were facing with fortitude. After such thoughts she would dry her tears and go outside and putter with the flowers.

Whenever she saw Mrs. Beemer, her elderly neighbor, in her yard or garden she went to the fence and tried to engage her in conversation. Mrs. Beemer answered pleasantly enough but if Betty only smiled and said nothing, Mrs. Beemer nodded and retired to her own house.

Then there was Mrs. Boyden in the next house down the street. Betty often saw her pass by but she only called a brisk greeting or waved her hand. In the house across the street lived the young Kelleys and their first baby. Laverne Kelley had seemed friendly enough the few times they had talked across the street. She had told Betty she was so busy with Baby Bobby she didn't know when she'd have time to call, but for Betty to come to see her.

ONE bright afternoon that seemed just right for a friendly chat, Betty donned a fresh linen dress and crossed the street to Laverne's. As she went up the walk she saw Laverne peep out of the window; then, unmistakably, she heard her pattering hurriedly to and fro, probably whisking her room in order. Betty paused and admired the flowers blooming along the walk in order that Laverne wouldn't be too flustered when she arrived.

Just as Betty lightly knocked on the door, Bobby started to cry. Betty had timed her visit at the hour when

she thought he was normally napping. Laverne did not answer her knock, and Betty was debating whether to open the door and boldly call, or go home, when Laverne appeared with the screaming baby in her arms. "Oh, dear, I think he must be cutting a tooth. He seldom ever cries like this. Come in, won't you? You'll have to excuse the way my house looks. I've been so busy with washing and ironing for Bobby. A baby is an awful lot of work sometimes." Betty felt sorry for her. She looked so hot and tired.

"Here, let me take the baby," she offered. "I'd love to hold him."

"No, he might muss you up. Besides he's crying so."

Betty's visit wasn't much of a success. In a short while she left with the feeling that it was a relief to Laverne to be alone with her baby.

When she got home she could no longer keep back her bitter tears. Well, there was only one thing left to do and that was to get a job. She could type or clerk in a store. Anything to alleviate her utter loneliness would be welcomed.

THAT night at dinner while eating fluffy biscuits and new peas, she told Glen of her intention.

"But, Honey, you know Dr. Knowlton said distinctly you were to get lots of rest, and fresh air, and sunshine for at least a year, in order for you to be a mother to some healthy youngsters of ours."

"Yes, I realize that Glen, and I know I'm being just awfully selfish but I guess I'm just homesick and longing to have some feminine companionship. I've tried so hard to get to know our neighbors and I just can't."

Glen tried to comfort her in his clumsy masculine-way. He loved her so dearly it was a grief to him to know she was unhappy.

"Maybe we could arrange a trip home for you, Betty. How would you like that?"

"Well, of course I would like it, Dear, but absolutely not without you. We don't know how much longer we can be together anyway, and I'm staying with you. Besides everything's perfect when you're here." She managed a shaky smile. "There, I was a big baby and let's forget all about it."

She got up quickly and made a great to-do clearing the table and washing the dishes. But Glen didn't forget about it. He pretended to read the evening paper while he was pondering the situation.

"I have it, Honey," he declared suddenly. Betty looked up from the socks she was darning. "Why not have a little party?"

"A party?"" Betty looked at him blankly. "Pray tell me whom would I invite, Mr. Williams?"

"Why Mrs. Beemer, and Mrs. Boyden, and Mrs. Kelley, and Bobby."

"Glen, you're teasing me. Why I've already gone halfway with those people."

"I'm serious, Betty, honest," and as she still looked doubtful he continued, "Where do you think our Church would be now if our missionaries just went halfway? Plenty of times the missionaries have had to go all the way alone and it's been a tough fight, too. They've met rebuffs and abuse, but by persistence

they've been amply rewarded with investigators and even converts."

"Yes, Glen, but what has that to do with me? I'm not a missionary. I'm just a housewife who would like to get acquainted with her neighbors."

"Betty, I believe we're all missionaries. And any friend you can win for yourself can eventually be a friend of our Church."

Betty was thoughtful for a moment. "How true that sounds, Glen." With determination she added, "I will invite them."

She finished her mending, then she busied herself with her notepaper. "I'll make it Thursday afternoon at 2:30. I've noticed Mrs. Boyden is always home on that day." She wrote informal notes inviting them to bring their sewing.

Glen walked to the post office with her. They strolled arm-in-arm and Betty thought she had never seen the stars look brighter, "If things don't work out for the best, maybe you can take on a job of some kind." Glen said, then added quickly, "That's just to show you how certain I am your party will be a success."

Betty looked forward eagerly to the afternoon of the party. There was fruit punch in the refrigerator and dainty cookies on her silver plate. At twenty to three no one had come. She heard steps on the porch and quickly went to the door, but it was only the postman with a new magazine. She took it and sat in the easy chair to wait, when the doorbell rang and there was Mrs. Beemer. Laverne and Mrs. Boyden were coming up the walk together.

THAT night when Glen arrived home, Betty met him at the door and lifted her face for his kiss. "Well, how was the party?" he asked confidently, seeing her shining face.

"Darling, it worked out just as you said." Betty kept up her chatter as Glen hung up his coat and hat, and stretched out on the divan for a few minutes' relaxation. "You know why Mrs. Beemer hasn't ever visited over the fence with me? Well, she said once there'd been an awfully 'refined' teacher who lived here, they only hired her for a year, but she made some remark about Mrs. Beemer's atrocious English and Mrs. Beemer said she was afraid I'd think her terrible if she got 'was' and 'were' mixed up, and words like that. When I told her how my grandfather only got through the third grade because he had to help out at home, and that it wasn't a person's English that counted with me, she timidly asked me if I'd mind helping her study a grammar book she has."

"Why, that's wonderful, Betty," Glen interrupted his wife.

"But you've only heard part of it. Mrs. Boyden wanted to know who knitted the dress I'm wearing, and when I said I did she just about hugged me, and asked me to help her with some sweaters she's knitting for the Red Cross. She's in charge of it, and it's hard to find expert knitters who have the time. Then she's going to take me with her once a week to make bandages and dressings down at the Center. Why, Glen she's just doing so much war work it makes me ashamed of myself. They have two sons overseas, too."

Betty continued enthusiastically.

"And Laverne had such a big basket of mending with her. She said she hadn't intended to bring it all but didn't have time to sort out her thread and so on. Well, we all pitched in and did it for her, and she was so grateful she almost cried. She said she just couldn't get all her work done and Bobby taken care of too. I asked her if she would let me care for him at least an hour every nice day and wheel him to the park, I'm going to do it tomorrow morning. She was so pleased with the suggestion, and thinks she can accomplish a great part of her work then."

As an afterthought Betty added, "They liked my cookies, too, and wanted the recipe."

"Which all goes to prove, Mrs. Williams?" Glen suggested with a smile. . . .

"That from now on I'll always rely on the wisdom and judgment of my missionary husband."

"So how about some . . . ?"

"Dinner." Betty laughingly finished the sentence as she tripped off to the kitchen with a light step.

AFTER SPRINGTIME RAIN

Beatrice E. Linford

Bright jewels clinging trembling to the eaves
Shimmering on the edge of emerald leaves,
Aglow in purple mist of lilac spray,
And pinkish cloud of blooming almonds gay.

All colors of the garden are renewed,
Washed bright and clean, refreshed, with life imbued.
Soft drip drop of the jewels upon the ground
Scarce audible because of sweet, sweet sound

Of robins singing gladly after rain,
The bluebird's happy musical refrain.
How lovely is the shining springtime rain
Causing the earth to glow with life again.

An Adequate Daily Diet and Wartime Menus

Edna K. Ward

The importance of food and its proper preparation is brought to the attention of every homemaker by the exigencies of total war which have been forced upon us. We want to "make America strong," but a nation is made strong only as its people are strong and healthy.

Each mother and homemaker is largely responsible for the health of her family; she must plan healthful meals, she must buy the food which is to constitute those meals, and now when help is scarce, she has the added responsibility of preparing that food to save important food values.

To plan and prepare "wartime menus" is a challenge to every homemaker. It is her contribution to the war effort, and it is an important contribution. Well-planned, well-cooked meals, served in pleasant surroundings, with thankfulness in our hearts, will build strong families and a strong nation.

Nutritionists have set up daily food needs, and an adequate daily diet should include the food listed in the opposite chart.

In planning meals, particular attention should be given to what are termed *protective foods*, protective because they contain elements known to be essential to good health. These are:

1—fruits
2—vegetables
3—eggs
4—meat
5—whole grains
6—milk and milk products

To include these important foods into the three meals each and every day is the homemaker's responsibility, and now with wartime restrictions and increasing shortages, the difficulties are increased. The following menus and recipes are suggested in the hope that they may be helpful in meeting this problem.

BREAKFAST

This is an important meal because it can include several of the protective foods. A suggestive pattern may be:

Orange Juice
Oatmeal with Milk
Soft Cooked Egg
Toast
Jam
Milk

The varieties and amounts will vary with the ages and activities of each member of the family.

Breakfast fruits may be:

Oranges
Grapefruit
Strawberries (in season)
Prunes (raw or cooked)
Apples (raw, baked, or sauce)

Fruit juices:

Orange
Grapefruit
Lemon
Tomato

A Guide
TO GOOD EATING
MILK
2 OR MORE GLASSES DAILY . . FOR ADULTS
3 – 4 OR MORE GLASSES DAILY . FOR CHILDREN
VEGETABLES
2 OR MORE SERVINGS DAILY BESIDES
POTATO
FRUITS
2 OR MORE SERVINGS DAILY
EGGS
3 TO 5 A WEEK; 1 DAILY PREFERRED
MEAT, CHEESE, FISH, OR SECONDS
1 OR MORE SERVINGS DAILY
CEREAL OR BREAD
MOST OF IT WHOLE GRAIN OR ENRICHED
BUTTER
2 OR MORE TABLESPOONS DAILY

—*Courtesy National Dairy Council*

Many variations in choice and preparation of fruits and juices, in choice and preparation of cereals, and in preparation of eggs can make breakfast interesting. It should be eaten at home rather than at the corner drug counter where often only a meagre breakfast is eaten in a hurry.

LUNCH

A good pattern for the midday meal is something like this:

Vegetable Soup
Toasted Cheese Sandwich
Fruit Gelatin Salad
Milk

It usually consists of a light protein dish, a salad or simple dessert, milk, bread and butter.

For protein requirements a choice of:

Split Pea or Bean Soup
Vegetable Beef Soup
Ham and Macaroni Salad
Cheese Sauce on Vegetables or Toast
Cheese and Meat Sandwiches
Fish, Chicken, or Meat Salads

Suggestive salads:

Mixed fresh or canned Fruit
Prunes stuffed with Cheese, Carrots, Nuts
Grapefruit, Orange Sections
Date, Apple, Lettuce
Apple, Celery, Nut
Pear, Cheese
Mixed Vegetables
Cranberry, Celery, Nut
Cabbage
Grated Carrot, Raisin
Molded raw Vegetables
Tomato, sliced
Tomatoes, stuffed
Radish, Onion, hard-cooked Eggs
Asparagus

Desserts for lunch if required: Office workers should eat only light lunches.

Fruits—fresh, dried, or canned
Fruit Cobblers
Fruit Pies
Puddings
  Baked Custards
  Bread Puddings
  Fruit Whips, dried or fresh Fruit
  Gelatines, plain, fruited, or whipped
  Ice Cream
  Steamed Fruit Puddings
  Rice Pudding
Cookies
  Oatmeal
  Date Bars
  Peanut Butter
  Molasses
  Raisin

Lunch Boxes

Lunch boxes, whether for an adult or a child, need to contain about one-third of his daily rations. If the midday meal is his main one, then the lunch box should contain more than a third of the food needed for the whole day. If the evening meal is the most ample and breakfast has contributed its share, then the contents of the lunch box may supply less than a third of the food needed.

Lunch box meals should include:

Sandwiches (containing meat, fish, egg, cheese, or vegetable)
  or a
Salad (containing meat, fish, eggs, cheese, with bread and butter)
Fruit (may be Tomato)
Cake or Cookies
Hot Soup, Beverage, or Milk

Suggestive sandwich fillings:

Several fillings can be made and stored in covered containers in the refrigerator. This gives variety for a week's supply and helps in facilitating sandwich preparation.

Meat Salad Filling

½ pound bologna or minced ham (put through fine knife of food chopper)
3 hard-cooked eggs (chopped)
½ cup finely cut sweet pickle
4 tablespoons salad dressing or mayonnaise
4 tablespoons fresh or canned milk
¼ tablespoon salt
Mix thoroughly and chill.

Fish Salad Filling

2 cups cooked or canned fish
¼ cup finely cut sweet pickle or olives
¾ cup finely cut celery (use green tops also)
¼ tablespoon salt
½ cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
4 tablespoons milk

Peanut-Prune Filling

6 prunes cut in small pieces
1 cup seedless raisins
½ cup peanut butter
4 tablespoons milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Mix well.

Egg Salad Filling

6 hard cooked eggs (chopped)
6 tablespoons chopped sweet pickles or olives
5 tablespoons salad dressing
½ tablespoon salt
¾ tablespoon dry mustard
Mix thoroughly.

Cheese Filling

2 cups grated American cheese
4 tablespoons chopped pickles or relish
1 tablespoon mustard (dry or prepared)
4 tablespoons salad dressing
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion

Raw carrot strips, celery sticks cut in small pieces, and raw tender turnip slices cleaned carefully and wrapped in wax paper add extra fresh vegetables to the lunch box.

Often include peanuts or any other kind of nut.

Cream soups and milk can be included in the modern lunch box that has a thermos bottle. These increase the use of those protective foods so essential to good nutrition.

DINNER

Whether dinner is eaten at noon or in the evening, it should furnish the main protein dish of the day, usually meat. With it are served vegetables and salads to give the needed additional vitamins and minerals, dessert and a beverage.

A pattern for dinner is usually something like this:

Broiled Ground Beef Patties
Baked Potatoes
Buttered Carrots
Mixed Vegetable Salad
Muffins Butter
Fruit Pudding
Milk (for children)

With the rationing of meat, we shall have to use meat substitutes more. If possible, plan to serve fish once a week, liver or kidney or some glandular meat once a week, and one of the legumes, such as dried beans or peas, once a week.

Old-fashioned baked beans and soups, lima beans plain or with a ham hock, or a hearty dish of chili will help conserve meat. Although beans are an "incomplete protein" they are a good meat substitute and contain valuable vitamins. Cook beans once a week.

Fish loaves served with parsley, white sauce, or lemon slices, creamed fish served on crispy hot toast or with hot baked potatoes, or fresh fish when it is available, can be served once a week also.

Make it a rule to serve liver or some other type of glandular meat once a week. Beef, lamb, or pork liver are good and are less expensive than calf's liver, but are a little stronger in flavor.

Some of the most nutritious meats are found at the bottom of the price list, because we Americans have not learned to cook them. Beef or lamb heart is such a meat, and is good either stuffed with a dressing or pot roasted. With meat rationing, we shall have to cook more stews, meat pies, and pot roasts with delicious

gravies, instead of chops and steaks that will call for many more points from our ration book.

Recipes for Dinner:

Stewed Heart with Rice Border

1 beef heart (about 3 lbs.)
2 tablespoons cubed onion
3 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
Salt
Pepper
Whole or half carrots
1 tablespoon vinegar

Wash heart and remove veins and tough fibres. Cut into pieces and brown slowly in butter. Add water to just cover and simmer 3-4 hours. Add cubed onion and carrots about the last 45 minutes. Before serving, thicken with flour and add the vinegar. Serve with a border of steamed rice. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serves six.

Curried Lamb Shanks with Rice

4 lamb shanks
1 onion
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons salt
½ tablespoon curry powder
½ cup rice (uncooked)

Roll lamb shanks in flour and brown slowly in butter. Add 2 cups water, salt, pepper and simmer slowly for 2 hours. When tender add curry powder and thicken gravy. Serve with boiled rice. Serves four.

Liver Loaf

1½ pounds beef or lamb liver
4 slices bacon
1 onion
¼ cup chopped parsley
2½ cups soft bread crumbs
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 eggs
2 tablespoons salt
⅛ tablespoon pepper

Put just enough water in pan to cover the bottom. Bring to a boil and drop in the liver, let stand five minutes, then grind with the onion and bacon. Add eggs, crumbs, and seasonings and pack firmly into a loaf pan. Bake 1 hour at 350°. Serve with creamed potatoes. May be sliced cold.

Liver Roulade

Lay slices of calf's, beef or pork liver on slices of bacon. Put a small onion in the center of each and roll up and fasten with tooth picks. Season with salt and pepper. Bake uncovered at 350° for 30 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons catsup mixed with ½ cup water. Cover and continue baking. Peel and dice 4 small potatoes. Season with salt and peper. Put in with liver. Cover and cook till all is tender.

Cheese Pudding

5 slices whole wheat bread
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup grated cheese
½ tablespoon mustard
2 tablespoons chopped onion
½ cup parsley (chopped)
3 eggs (beaten)
2 cups milk

Spread bread with butter and cut in cubes. Place in baking dish, add cheese, mustard, onion and parsley. Add warmed milk to eggs and pour over bread mixture. Bake 350° for 30-40 minutes.

This is a good meat substitute and contains a long list of protective foods such as milk, eggs, cheese, parsley and whole wheat bread.

Salads

For good health serve salads once a day. Salad bowls or individual salad servings make for variety. There are many combinations for vegetables and fruit salads, and if served crisp and fresh, seasoned with a favorite dressing, they are most delicious.

Beet Salad

2 cups diced beets—If they have not been bottled in vinegar add 1 tablespoon vinegar

1 cup diced celery
2 tablespoons diced green pepper
1 tablespoon onion juice
1 package lemon jello
2 cups water

Mold individually or in large mold on shredded lettuce. Serve with asparagus tips, whole string beans or with shredded cabbage.

Chef Salad in Tomato Cheese Ring

2 packages lemon jello
3 cups tomato juice
2 packages cream cheese
1 cup mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatin in 1½ cups hot tomato juice, when thoroughly dissolved add remaining 1½ cups. Mix the cream cheese with mayonnaise and add to the cooled tomato gelatin. Mix well and place in ring mold. Chill in refrigerator until firm. When ready to serve unmold and fill center of ring with the following Chef Salad:

Chef Salad

½ small head lettuce, broken in pieces
½ bunch watercress
¼ cucumber sliced thin
8-10 radishes sliced thin
¼ cup diced celery
2 sliced hard cooked eggs
few strips thinly sliced Swiss or American cheese
garlic
French dressing

Rub the salad bowl with garlic. Put all ingredients into bowl. Pour over just enough French dressing to coat salad Toss lightly and serve at once.

Vegetables

Properly cooked and seasoned vegetables should be a daily "must" in our wartime menus. They should be cooked as short a time as possible, in as little water as possible, and should be served as soon as possible after they are cooked. The water left from the cooking of vegetables or from canned vegetables should be used in gravies, soups, or served hot or cold as a drink. Use the green leafy and yellow vegetables often.

Desserts

Dried fruits "as is" are good, but can be used many other ways. They are always a favorite in pies and cookies. Raisin pie or your favorite oatmeal cookies with raisins never go begging.

Orange Raisin Pudding

2 cups flour
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon soda
½ tablespoon ginger
½ cup suet
½ cup molasses
2 eggs
1 cup applesauce
1 cup seedless raisins
¾ cup orange or citron peel
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs

Steam 2 hours, makes 10-12 servings. Serve with orange flavored sauce.

Walnut Apricot Pudding

1 cup enriched flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
½ tablespoon soda
¼ tablespoon salt
¾ cup graham or whole wheat flour
¼ cup butter
½ cup honey
1 egg beaten
½ cup orange juice
1 cup chopped dried apricots (or dates, figs, or prunes)
½ cup chopped walnuts
½ tablespoon grated orange rind

Sift together first four ingredients. Add graham flour. Melt butter in large saucepan, remove from heat and stir in all other ingredients. Steam 2-3 hours in greased mold. 10-12 servings. Serve with favorite sauce.

Desserts are usually easy to prepare. Whenever possible, use more of the protective foods in their preparation such as fruits, milk, and eggs. Fresh or canned fruit should be served frequently for dinner or lunch dessert.

(*Concluded on page 297*)

Tomorrow's Cup

Anna Prince Redd

Chapter II

JANET stood irresolute, anger shaking her. Why had Paul done such a thing? It couldn't be so wrong, the way she had packed the panniers. And it was not like Paul to deliberately offend or humiliate anyone. Yet there didn't seem to be a single reason for his actions.

She tried to quit shaking, to control the wild impulses that were taking possession of her. She wanted to run and run and never stop running. Her face burned with shame at her own reaction to such a simple offense. What if Paul *had* thrown things around? What if he *had* acted childishly? Was it important? Perhaps she *hadn't* packed the panniers correctly.

She dipped the gourds into the water barrel and dashed a spray over her face. If only he had explained! If there were anything really wrong he could have told her so, even have laughed at her, and she wouldn't have cared. The way it was he had shut her out. There could be only one answer. Paul was tired of trying to initiate her into his world. And if so, what then? Wouldn't it make her own decision easier? Certainly she could leave with more grace.

Yet, now strangely, she didn't want to leave. Her fighting spirit was up. She'd sworn never to yield an inch to her surroundings. Then why mind if Paul, or anyone else, thought she couldn't fit?

"READY, Janet?" Paul called, blissfully unconscious of the turmoil he had stirred up.

Janet forced a smile and came back to the porch. Paul picked up the panniers. He weighed them judicially, balancing them in either hand, then, satisfied, carried them around the house to the cliff. Janet followed without a word. Paul tied the bundle of bedding and the panniers to the rope that still dangled from the cliff, gave Taos instructions for guarding the place, and assured Janet that Juanee and Joe would be back by night. Then he took a crowbar from a nearby shed, pried up a large flat stone from the rear patio and motioned Janet to precede him down the steps that were concealed beneath the stone. He followed, and juggled the stone into place again by balancing it on the flat of his hands above his head. Janet went on through the dim smelly corridor without waiting for Paul.

"Hey! This is a honeymoon! You act like you're trying to give me the air," Paul shouted after her.

"A little air might not be a bad idea in here," Janet answered, pausing evasively.

"Say, you know this is not a bad idea, this corridor. I made it for fun to begin with. Something to do the long winter evenings here alone. Since all the cattle and sheep stealings of the Indians have gone unpunished for so long, the Utes and

Piutes think they are above the law. If one of them should ever try to get funny with you, Janet, you just remember this crack. You can get to it from the kitchen, too, do you remember? There's a trap door under that big cupboard in the corner behind the middle door . . . And don't ever get the bottom of the cupboard so full that you can't crawl into it!"

Paul was delighted with the picture he was conjuring up. He couldn't know what terror he had added to Janet's fears, and she would not tell him she was afraid. He didn't know she hated Indians, didn't know that every mummy in his collection haunted her. During the nights when he was gone and she was alone, those shriveled, dusty bones walked the patio. They lent their voices to the wind. They stalked behind her on a path at night. But Paul didn't know. Paul would never know.

ONCE well into the cliff, the ascent was marked, the air dusty and dry. Janet climbed up the passage with reckless speed, her heart pounding, a wave of blindness threatening to topple her over in her angry defiance.

"Steady, girl," Paul warned. "You're climbing too fast. Here, let me get in the lead." Paul crowded past her in the narrow passage.

His nearness drove fear from Janet's mind. She'd have given anything to laugh and say she didn't need any help, but she was too dizzy to go on. Perhaps she shouldn't have come. But she was glad she had. Here in this dim, man-enlarged corridor there was nothing but Paul and two close walls, which broke occasionally, letting in the sun. There was nothing frightening to stretch away forever and forever. Here was the warmth of his body, his arms to keep her safe, to dissolve her anger.

"Better, Jan? You had me stumped for a minute. You looked scared, or something."

"I'm fit as a juniper tree." Janet tried to be convincing.

Paul scrambled up the ledge, reached down for her hand and helped her up beside him, holding her there awhile to rest. And so, climbing and resting, they came out on top of beautiful Douglas Mesa.

At any other time it would have been a breath-taking experience for Janet; now she felt nothing but relief. The sun setting on the buttes across the mesa, blazing against the red rocks, the green junipers, and the blue of an incredulously near sky, was lost to her. There was a sharp pain around her heart and her breath was hot in her throat. All of which Paul was too excited to notice.

"Look at it! See why I swear by this country? No place like it on earth! Look at the elephants marching along the face of the cliffs over there! Headed for their burial grounds, marching, marching. They've been marching thousands of years. And see that break over there to the south? If we could walk over there and look down, there would be the San Juan moving along her green banks to the Colorado. Colorado's her bridegroom. I've seen 'em meet many a time. She eddies around and coquettes a bit and then goes straight to his bosom. Nice gal, the San Juan. Unpredictable, treacher-

ous, but a bride to love, once you get her tamed!"

Seeing him standing there, his sombrero held reverently at his side, Janet knew the strength of her rival. Paul would never be hers as she wanted her husband to be. This country would claim him body and soul, alive and dead. She'd be a precious part of it, oh, a very precious part, but always secondary. And there was nothing she could do about it. She had never seen a face so lighted up, so passionately proud. Mere grandeur could not account for it. For the first time she realized that Paul's emotion was spiritual. Her fear had been against a physical rival. Now she needed to know more; to understand this new Paul. Perhaps if she tried as determinedly to like his country as she had fostered her hate for it, it might come to be her country, too. For the moment at least, it didn't crowd and push.

"GUESS I'd better get those things pulled up over the cliff and stop orating," Paul said apologetically. "You're shivering!" Solicitously he wrapped his own warm leather jacket around her shoulders. He said "The days are warm but the nights are still to be reckoned with."

A bell tinkled in the distance. Paul put his fingers to his lips and blew a long shrill whistle. A pinto mare neighed answer and came loping from a distant clump of cedars, straight for Paul's outstretched hand. "Hello there!" Paul chuckled. "Smart as a whip, aren't you!" He patted her nose and let her nuzzle against him.

"I've work for you to do, Lady," he confided. "Pull my bed and board up the cliff. Will you?"

The mare stamped and threw her head nervously. "She's as smart as they come," Paul told Janet. "Watch her."

He took a short rope from her saddle. "I don't often leave a horse saddled up like this (I'd fire a cow hand that did it), but I knew we'd be back soon and the saddle would be safer on her back than on the ground for a thieving Indian." He tied the piece of rope to the lasso that hung over the cliff, moved the pinto out a few paces and then gave her the word to stop. She obeyed instantly, one foot still poised. Paul untied the long rope from the projection that had held it; the pack was now in her care.

"Pull 'er up Lady Bird!" The pinto paced carefully forward, pulling the dangling pack up the cliff behind her.

"Hold!" The mare stopped instantly, not a muscle moving. Paul pulled the pack over the side of the cliff and away from the edge. The minute she felt the slack rope behind her, the mare trotted back to Paul. He patted her nose and looked to Janet for approval.

"She's a beauty, Paul, I've never seen her in action before." The admission was embarrassing. Other women, she knew, rode range with their husbands, knew as much about cattle as the best of them. Some women even managed their own outfits. She'd been so occupied with her rebellion and her personal schemes that she had missed what might have made this country endurable. But it was all so foreign to

her! Those women were born to the range just as their men were!

"I wish I'd been born here, Paul," she said. This morning she'd hated the place; now she almost loved it. If only she could be with Paul all the time she might conquer her fear.

"You don't have to be born in a place to love it. You and I have always been together here in spirit. I recognized that instantly." He smiled a whimsical, endearing smile. "Sometime you'll recognize it too."

THEY camped that night in a big cave clinging to the mesa. "Hotel Collins!" Paul announced. They had come down to the cave on foot, along a trail that wound down from the top, and now stood looking out over the canyon to the other side, their eyes tracing the trail to the canyon floor. Green against red, red deepening to purple where the shadows fell, fading to pink and then to white in the path of the sun. Janet took a long shivering breath.

"Steady, girl!" Paul urged her back from the edge. "The sight makes me heady at times. You're tired. A good bacon and eggs supper will set you up."

In the center of the cave under an opening in the roof, he built a small fire; he carried the bags down from the top, and while he waited for the fire to burn to coals he made a bed of boughs, topped by a heavy sheepskin robe that he found hanging from a point of rock in the cave; on that he spread the blankets from their pack.

He patted the bed. "You'll sleep like a dead Injun till I call you to breakfast," he laughed.

Janet was startled at the sudden recurrence of fear. Just when you had the thing licked it sprang out at you again. In the form of a word—Indian, a rattlesnake in a bush, the howl of a wolf at night, or just in no form at all. She shivered. A bat flew from the cave into a darker crevice. Paul stirred the fire.

"The robe is hotel property," he said to make conversation. "It's been here for years. It's worth fifty dollars. If it had been a salt and pepper shaker it'd have disappeared the first night." He settled the frying pan over the coals. "Funny about people!"

JANET had never tasted such good food. They sat in the door after supper and watched the stars. Paul talked earnestly, reassuringly, and again Janet's fears slipped away. An owl greeted the dark night, leaving a velvet silence. Janet slipped her hand into Paul's.

"Afraid?" he teased, putting his arms around her.

"Of course not, silly. I'm just shiveringly happy."

"I hoped you'd say that. It's we two together for always, isn't it?"

"We three," Janet corrected involuntarily.

Paul caught his breath and Janet could hear his heart. "You mean—a baby? Oh, Janet, girl, don't speak. Not yet for a minute. I've got to see heaven a bit at a time!"

Wholly possessive of him, the world shut out, Janet was happier than she had ever been in her life.

"Are you—all right?" Paul asked after a time. "You seemed faint back there in the corridor. I thought it was from climbing too fast. Perhaps I should'nt have brought you here?"

"Nonsense, Paul. I'm as well as anything."

"How long have you known, Janet?"

"Only a short time."

"Were you . . . glad?"

"Of course. Only I felt for a while the way I felt the first time I looked at the San Juan Goosenecks, 1200 feet below me, I wanted to clutch something solid and hang on for dear life!"

"I wish I'd been there. Janet you're wonderful!"

THEY went to bed then, talking little. The cave, the silence, the closeness of the stars made Janet feel that she and Paul were primitively alone, beginning a world together.

"What a country!" Paul said softly. "A little new cow hand. A pardner all my own!" And he went to sleep.

Janet's mind sprang to attention. Cow hand! Yes. She'd forgotten. Her baby would grow up to be a cow hand. He'd fight and die for this all-forsaken country just as Paul was doing. There'd be no Harvard, no football, no cultural existence. Indians and cowboys and cows!

She sat up, struggling for breath. "Not if I can help it!" she stated audibly. "I'll fight you, Paul. You and your country. Fight you till the day I die. I'll not bring my child up in this place!"

Paul sighed contentedly in his sleep. The night owl communed with himself in the darkness outside. Janet slid terrified down into the warm bed.

(To be continued)

THINKING OF YOU

Bertha A. Kleinman

To the mother whose arms have never pressed
A baby's head to her lonely breast,
To the mother whose lips have never sung
A lullaby in a baby's tongue,
To the mother whose prayers through time and space
Have seemed to fail at the Throne of Grace—

No plea, no prayer, no tears of thine
Are ever wasted in God's design,
For He who counteth the sparrow's fall
Eternal increase shall yield to all,
And the motherhood that is here denied
Shall yet be given and glorified!

RACHEL RIDGWAY IVINS GRANT

(*Continued from page 231*)

months' journey, the persistent cough which troubled her had entirely disappeared. Though she had minor colds at later intervals, she was never again bothered with any serious lung trouble up to the time of her death.

It was the tenth day of August, 1853, when Israel Ivins, tired but happy, drove into Salt Lake and stopped before the comfortable home of his friend, Jedediah M. Grant, on Main Street. Brother Grant immediately set about to make the little family comfortable, and lost no time in bringing them into the house where they were invited to stay for a short time while planning for the immediate future.

So Rachel slept comfortably that night, sheltered by the first roof that had covered her head for several months, and little dreaming it was the roof of her future home.

(To be concluded)

WOMEN AND THE HOME TODAY

(*Continued from page 239*)

those who kept their first estate and who come to this earth, for their second estate. . . .

Motherhood is near to Divinity. It is the highest, holiest service to be assumed by mankind. It places her who honors its holy calling and service next to the angels. To you mothers in Israel we say God bless and protect you, and give you the strength and courage, the faith and knowledge, the holy love and consecration to duty, that shall enable you to fill to the fullest measure the sacred calling which is yours.

My prayer tonight is that the Lord will bless us and help us always to understand where our duty lies, and aid us to do that duty and to do it well.

AN ADEQUATE DAILY DIET

(*Continued from page 291*)

Planning meals is interesting or boresome exactly in proportion to the amount of thought and effort you put into it. Careless cooking, indifferent seasoning, and unattractive service will do much to discourage the "fussy eater"; while a pleasing color plan, having green, yellow, red, and white in the meal; contrasting textures, a crispy crunchy food to balance the soft creamy one; contrasting temperatures such as hot soup, cold salad; and variation in shape, a square of meat loaf and a mound of mashed potatoes, will help to make the family like and eat the great variety of fine food we Americans have.

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